

IL PASTOR [2.]

FIDO:

O R

The faithfull Shepheard.

Translated out of Italian into
English.



LONDON

Printed for Simon Wwaterfon.

1602.

To the right worthie and learned Knight, Syr Edward
Dymock, Champion to her Maieslie, concerning
this translation of *Pastor Fido*.

*I doe ioyce learned and worthy Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man
(This painfull and inaustrious Gentleman)
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light:
Who in thy loue I know tooke great delight
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And here enioyes the grace of his owne right.
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Vnto vs both, the vertues of the North,
Saying, our costes were with no measures grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.
I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store,
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.*

Sam. Daniell.

*A Sonnet of the Translator, dedicated to that honourable Knight
his kinsman, Syr Edward Dymock.*

*A silly hand hath fashion'd vp a sute
Of English clothes vnto a traueller,
A noble minde though Shepherds weeds he weare,
That might consort his tunes with *Tassoes* lute,
Learned *Guarinies* first begotten fruite,
I haue assum'd the courage to rebeare,
And him an English Denizen made here,
Presenting him vnto the sonnes of Brute.
If I haue faild t'expresse his natieue looke,
And be in my translation tax'd of blame,
I must appeale to that true censure booke
That sayes, t'is harder to reforme a frame,
Then for to build from ground worke of ones wit,
A new creation of a noble fit.*



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and learned Knight, Syr Edward Dymock,
Champion to her Maiestie.



Yr, this worke was committed to me
to publish to the world, and by rea-
son of the nearenesse of kinne to the
deceased Translator, and the good
knowledge of the great worth of the
Italian Author, I knew none fitter to
Patronize the same then your wor-
thinesse, to whom I wish all happinesse, and a prospe-
rous new yeare. London this last of December. 1601.

*Your Worships euer to be
commaunded.*

Simon Waterfon.



The persons which speake in it.

Silvio, the sonne of Montanus.

Linco, an old seruant of Montanus.

Mirtillo, in loue with Amarillis.

Ergasta, his companion.

Corisca a Nymph, in loue with Mirtillo.

Montanus, high Priest.

Titirus, a Shepheard.

Dametas, an old seruant of Montanus.

Satir, an old Louer of Coriscaes.

Dorinda, enamoured of Silvio.

Lupino a Goteheard, her seruant.

Amarillis, daughter of Titirus.

Nicander, chiefe minister of the Priest.

Coridon, a Louer of Coriscaes.

Caxino, an old man, the putatiue father of Mirtillo

Vranio, an old man his companion.

Nuntio.

Tirenio, a blind Prophet.



PASTOR FIDO,

OR
The faithfull Shepheard.

Chorus of {
Shepherds.
Huntsmen.
Nymphes.
Priests.

The Scene is in *Arcadia*.

Scene. I. Act. I.

Silvio. Linco.

GO you that haue enclos'd the dreadfull beast,
And giue the signe that's visuall to our hunting,
Go swell your eyes and harts with hornes and shoutes,
If there be any (waine of *Cynthia's* troupe

In all *Arcadia*, delighted in her sports,
Whose generous affects are stung with care,
Or glory of these woods: let him come forth
And follow me, where in a circle small
(Though to our valure large) inclosed is
The ougly Bore, monster of nature & these woods.
That vast and fierce (by many harmes well knowne)
Inhabitant of *Erimanthus*, plague to the fields,
Terror to country clownes. Go then preuent
Not onely, but prouoke with hornes shrill sound,
Blushing *Aurora* out. *Linco* wee'le goe
And worship first the Gods: for there t'is best
We any worke begin.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Lin. *Silvio* I praise

Thy worshipping the Gods, but yet to trouble them
That are their ministers I do not praise.
The keepers of the temple are a sleepe,
They cannot see the day break for the mountaines top.

Sil. To thee perhaps, that art not yet awake,
All things do seeme a sleepe. (*Lin.*) O *Silvio*,
Did nature on these youthfull yeares of thine
Bestow such beaurie to be cast away?
Had I but such a ruddie cheeke? so fresh?
Farwell to woods, I'd follow other sports:
I'd weare my dayes in mirth: all sommer tide
In daintie shades, winter by the fire side.

Sil. Thy counsell (*Linco*) is like vnto thy selfe.

Lin. At other pleasures would I aime, were I *Silvio*.

Sil. So would I, were I *Linco*, but I *Silvio* am,

Therefore I *Silvies* deeds do like, not *Lincoes*.

Lin. O foole, that seekst so farre for hurtfull beasts,
And ha't one lodg'd so neare thy dwelling house.

Sil. Art thou in earnest? or dost thou but iest?

Lin. Thou ielts, not I. (*Sil.*) And is he then so neare?

Lin. As neare as t'is to thee. (*Sil.*) Where? in what wood?

Lin. *Silvio* thou art the wood: the ougly beast
That's harbour'd there, is this thy beastlinesse.

Sil. Was't not well gest of me thou didst but iest?

Lin. A Nympe so faire, so delicate! but tush
Why do I call her Nympe, a Goddesse rather.
More fresh, more daintie, then the morning rose.
More soft, more purely white then swanny downe.
(For whom there's not a shepheard mongst vs all so braue,
But sighes, and sighes in vaine) for thee alone
Reserues her selfe, ordaind by beau'n and men:
And yet thou neither thinkst of sighes or plaints.
O happie boy (though most vnworthily)
Thou that mightst her enjoy, still fliest her *Silvio*,
Still her despisest. Is not then thy heart
Made of a beast, or of hard Iron rather?

Sil. If to relinquish loue be crueltie,

Then

The faithfull Shepheard.

Then is it vertue, and I not repent
That I haue banisht loue my hart: but ioy
That thereby I haue ouercome this loue,
A beast more daungerous then th'other farre.

Lin. How hast thou ouercome that which thou neuer

Sil. Not prouing it, I haue it ouercome. (prou'd.)

Lin. O if thou hadst but prou'd it *Siluis* once,
If thou but knewst what a high fauour t'were,
To be belou'd, and louing to possesse
A louing hart, It' am sure thou then wouldst say,
Sweet louely life why hast thou staid so long?
These woods and beasts leaue foolish child, and loue.

Sil. Linco, I sweare a thousand Nymphs I'le giue
For one poore beast that my *Melampo* kills:
Let them that haue a better taste then I
In these delights possesse them, I wil none.

Lin. Dost thou tast ought, since loue thou dost not tast,
The onely cause that the world tasteth all?
Beleeue me boy, the time wil one day come
Thou wilt it taste. For loue once in our life
Will show what force he hath. Beleeue me childe,
No greater paine can any liuing proue,
Then in old limmes the lively sting of loue.
Yet if in youth loue wound, that loue may heale:
But come it once in that same frozen age,
Wherefore oftentimes the disabilitie,
More then the wound we plaine. O mortall then,
And most intollerable are those paines.
If thou seekest pittie, ill if thou findest it not,
But if thou findest it ten time worse, do not
Protract it til thy better time be past,
For if loue do assaile thy hoary heares,
Thy silly flesh a double torment teares.
Of this which when thou wouldst thou canst not,
These woods and beasts leaue foolish boy & loue.

Sil. As though there were no life but that which nurst
These amorous follies and fond extracies.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Lin. Tell me if in this pleasant time now flowres renew,
And the world waxeth yong againe, thou shouldst
In stead of flowry valleyes, fragrant fields,
And well clad woods: see but the oake, the ashe, the pine,
Without their leauy heares: grasselesse the ground,
The meadowes want their floures. Wouldst thou not say
The world doth languish? nature did decay?
Now that same horror, that same miracle,
That monstrous noueltie thou hast thy selfe.
As loue in old men is ridiculous:
So youth without loue is vnnaturall.
Looke but about (*Silua*) what the world hath
Worthy to be admir'd. Loue onely made
The heauens, the earth, the seas themselves do loue.
And that same starre that the dayes breake foretells,
Tasteth the flames of her thrise puissant sonne.
And at that houre, because perhaps she leaues
The stolne delights and bosome of her loue:
She darteth downe abroad her sparkling smiles.
Beasts in the woods do loue; and in the seas
The speedie Dolphins and the mighrie Whales.
The bird that sweetly sings, and wantonly
Doth flie, now from the oake vnto the ashe,
Then from the ashe vnto the mirtill tree:
Sayes in her language I in loue do burne.
(Would I might heare my *Silua* answere her the same?)
The Bull amid the heard doth loudly lowe,
Yet are those lowes but bidding to loues feasts.
The Lyon in the wood doth bray, and yet
Those brayes are not the voice of rage, but loue.
Well to conclude, all things do loue but thou,
Thou onely *Silua* art in heauen, in earth,
In seas, a soule vncaple of loue.
Leaue, leaue these woods, these beasts, and learne to loue.
Sil. Was then my youth committed to thy charge?
That in these soft effeminate desires
Of wanton loue, thou shouldst it nurse and traine?
Remembrest not what thou, and what I am?

The faithfull Shepherd.

Lin. I am a man, and humane me esteeme,
With thee a man, or rather shouldst be so,
I speake of humane things. Which if thou skornst
Take heed least in dishumaning thy selfe,
A beast thou proue not sooner then a God.

Sil. Neither so famous nor so valiant
Had bene that monster-ramer, of whose blood
I do deriue my selfe, had he not tamed loue.

Lin. See blind child how thou errest where hadst thou bene

Had not that famous *Hercules* first lou'd?

The greatest cause he monsters tam'd was loue.

Knowest thou not that faire *Omphale* to please,

He did not onely chaunge his Lions skin

Into a womans gowne; but also turn'd

His knottie club into a spindell and a rocke.

So was he wont from trouble and from toyle

To take his ease, and all alone retire

To her faire lappe, the haue of happie loue.

As rugged Iron with purer mettall mixt

Is made more fit (refin'd) for noble vse:

So fierce & vntam'd strength that in his proper rage

Doth often breake: yet with the sweets of loue

Well temper'd proueth truly generous.

Then if thou dost desire to imitate

Great *Hercules*, and to be worthy of his race,

Though that thou wilt not leaue these sauadge woods

Doo: follow them: but do not leaue to loue,

A Loue so lawfull as your *Amarillis*.

That you *Dorinda* flie I you excuse,

For t'were vnfit your mind on honour set,

Should be made hot in these amorous thefts:

A mightie wrong vnto your worthy spouse.

Sil. What saist thou *Linco*? shee's not yet my spouse.

Lin. Hast thou not solemnely receiu'd her faith?

Take heed proud boy, do not prouoke the gods.

Sil. The gift of heauen is humane libertie,

May we not force repell, that force receiue?

Lin. Nay if thou would'st but vnderstand the heauens

The faithfull Shepheard.

Hereto do tye thee that haue promised,
So many fauours at thy nuptiall feast.

Sil. I'm sure that gods haue other things to do
Then trouble and molest them with these toyes.

Linco. nor this, nor that loue pleaseth me,
I was a huntsman not a louer borne,

Thou that dost folow loue thy pleasure take. *Exit Sil.*

Lin. Thou cruel boy descended of the gods,
I scarce belecue thou wert begot by man,
Which if thou wert, thou sooner wert begot
With venome of *Meger* and *Prisso*,
Then *Venus* pleasure which men so commend. *Exit Lin.*

Sc. 2. Mirtillo. Ergasto.

CRuell *Amarillis*, that with thy bitter name
Most bitterly dost teach me to complaine.
Whiter then whitest Lillies and more faire,
But deafer and more fierce then th'adder is.
Since with my words I do so much offend,
In silence will I die: but yet these plaines
These mountaines and these woods, shal cry for me,
Whom I so oft haue learned to resound
That loued name. For me my plaints shall tell
The plaining fountains and the murm'ring windes:
Pittie and grieve shall speake out of my face,
And in the end though all things else proue dombe,
My verie death shal tell my martirdome.

Er. Loue (deare *Mirtillo*)'s like a fire inclosde,
Which straightly kept, more fiercely flames at last,
Thou shouldst not haue so long conceald from me
The fire, since it thou couldst not hide.
How often haue I said *Mirtillo* burnes,
But in a silent flame and so consumes.

Mi. My selfe I harmed her not to offend
(Curteous *Ergasto*) and should yet be dombe,
But strict necessitie hath made me bold.
I heare a voice which through my scared eares

Woundeth

The faithfull Shepheard.

Woundeth alas my wretched heart with noise
Of *Amarillis* nighing nuptiall feast,
Who speakes ought els to me he holds his peace.
Nor dare I further search, as wel for feare
To giue suspition of my loue, as for to finde
That which I would not. Well! I know (*Ergasto*)
It fits not with my poore and base estate
To hope at all a Nymphe so rarely qualifide,
Of bloud and spright truly celestiall,
Should proue my wife. O no, I know too well,
The lowlinesse of my poore humble starre,
My destiny's to burne! not to delight
Was I brought forth, but since my cruell fates
Haue made me loue my death more then my life,
I am content to die, so that my death
Might please her that's the cause thereof;
And that she would but grace my latest gaspe
With her faire eyes, and once before she made
Another by her marriage fortunate,
She would but heare me speake. Curreous *Ergasto*,
If thou lou'st me, helpe me with this fauour,
Aide me herein, if thou tak'st pittie of my case.

Er. A poore desire of loue; and light reward
Of him that dies: but dang'rous enterprise.
Wretched were she, should but her father know
She had bow'd downe her eares to her louers words,
Or should she be accused to the priest
Her father in lawe, for this perhaps she shunnes
To speake with you, that els doth loue you well,
Although she it conceales; for women though
They be more fraile in their desires;
Yet are they craftier in hiding them;
If this be true, how can she show more loue
Then thus in shunning you? she heares in vaine,
And shunnes with pittie that can giue no helpe.
*It is sound counsell, soone to cease desiring,
When we cannot attaine to our aspiring.*

Ms. Oh were this true, could I but this beleue,

Thiuse

The faithfull Shepheard.

Thrise happie paine. Thrise fortunate distresse.

But tell me sweet *Ergasto*, tell me true,

Which is the shepheard whom the starres so friend?

Ergust. Knowst thou not *Siluis Montane's* onely sonne?

Dianas priest: that rich and famous shepheard,

That gallant youth? He is the very same.

Mi. Most happie youth; that hast in tender yeares

Found fate so ripe. I do not enuy thee,

But plaine my selfe. (*Erg.*) Nor need you enuy him

That pittie more then enuy doth deserue.

Mi. Pittie! and why? (*Erg.*) Because he loues her not.

Mi. And liues he? hath a hart? and is not blinde?

Or hath she on my wretched hart spent all her flames?

And her faire eyes blowne all their loues on mee?

Why should they giue a Iemme so precious

To one that neither knowes it, nor regards it?

Erg. For that the heauens the health of *Arcady*

Do promise at these nuptialls. Know you not

How we do stil appease our goddesse wrath,

Each yeare with guiltlesse blood of some poore Nympe?

A mortall and a miserable tribute.

Mi. T'is newes to mee, that am a new inhabitant,

As't pleaseth loue and my poore destiny:

That did before inhabit sauadge woods,

But what I pray you was that greuous fault

That kindled rage in a celestiall brest?

Erg. I will report the dolefull tragedy

From the beginning of our misery,

That able are pittie and plaints to drawe

From these hard rocks, much more from humane brests.

In that same golden age when holy priesthood, and

The temples charge was not prohibited

To youth. A noble swaine *Aminias* call'd,

Priest at that time, loued *Lucrina* bright:

A beauteous Nympe, exceeding faire: but therewithall

Exceeding false, and light. Long time she loued him,

Or at the least, she seemed so, with fained face

Nursing his pure affections with false hopes.

Whilst

The faithfull Shepheard.

Whilst she no other suters had. But see
Th' vnconstant wretch ! no sooner was she wooed
By a rude shepheard, but at first assault,
At his first sighe, she yeelded vp her loue:
Before *Amintas* dream't of Iealousie.

At last *Amintas* was forlorne, despide,
So that the wicked woman would nor see, nor heare
Him speake, now if the wretch did sigh,
Be thou the iudge that know'st his paine by prooffe.

Mi. Aye me, this grieve all other griefs exceeds.

Er. After he had his heart recovered

From his complaints, he to his goddesse turnes,

And praying sayes: Great *Cynthia* if I haue

At any time kindled with guiltlesse hands

Thy holy flames, reuenge thou then for me

This broken faith of my vnconstant Nimphe.

Diana heares the prayers of her priest,

And straight out-breathing rage, she takes her bowe

And shootes shafts of mennitable death

Into the bowels of *Arcadia*.

People of euery sexe, of euery age,

Soone perished, no succour could be found,

T'was bootlesse art to search for remedies,

For often on the patient the phisitian died.

One onely remedie did rest, which was

Strait to the nearest Oracle they went,

From whom they had an answer verie cleare,

But aboue measure deadly horrible.

Which was, our *Cynthia* was displeas'd, and to

Appease her ire, either *Eucria* or some else for her,

Must by *Amintas* hands be sacrific'd.

Who when she had long time in vaine complain'd,

And lookt for helpe from her new friend in vaine,

Was to the sacred Altars led with solemne pompe,

A wofull sacrifice. Where at those secte

Which had pursued her long time in vaine

At her betrayed Louers feete she bends

Her trembling knees, attending cruell death.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Amintas stretcheth out the holy sword,
Seeming to breath from his inflamed lippes,
Rage and reuenge; turning to her his face,
Speakes with a sigh, the messenger of death:
Lucrina for thy further paines, behold
What Louer thou hast left, and what pursue
Iudge by this blow. And with that very word
Striketh the blade into his wofull brest,
Falling a sacrifice vpon the sacrifice.
At such a straunge and cruell spectacle,
The Nympe amazed stand twixt life and death,
Scarce yet assur'd whether she wounded were
With griefe, or with the sword. At last, assoone
As she recovered had, her spright, and speech,
She plaining saies. O faithfull valiant loue!
O too late knowne! that by thy death hast giu'n
Me life and death at once. If't were a fault
To leaue thee so? behold I'll mend it now,
Eternally vniring both our soules,
And therewithall she takes the sword, all warme,
With the blood of her too late loued friend,
And strikes it through her hart, falling vpon
Amintas, that was scarcely dead as yet,
And felt perchance that fall. Such was their ende,
To such a wretched end did too much loue,
And too much trechery conduct them both.

Ms. O wretched Shepheard, and yet fortunate,
That hadst so large and famous scope, to shoue
Thy troth, and waken liuely pittie of thy death
Within anothers brest. But what did follow?
Was *Cynthia* pleas'd, found they a remedie?

Er. Somewhat it slak't, but yet not quite put out:
For after that a yeare was finished,
Her rage began a fresh, so that of force
They driuen were, vnto the Oracle:
To aske new counsell, but brought back againe
An answer much more wofull then the first.
Which was, to sacrifice them: and each after yeare,

A maid.

The faithfull Shepheard.

A maid, or woman, to our angry power,
Eu'n till the third and past the fourth degree:
So should ones blood for many satisfie.
Besides, she did vpon th'vnhappie sexe,
Impose a wretched and a cruell lawe.
And (if you marke their nature) in obseruable.
A law recorded with vermilian blood:
What euer maid or woman broken had
Their faith in loue, and were contaminate,
If they should find none that would die for them,
They were condemn'd without remission.
To these our greuous great calamities,
The fathers hop'd to finde a happie ende,
By this desired marriage day. For afterward
Hauing demanded of the Oracle
What end the heauens prescribed had our ill,
Answer was giu'n in such like words as these:
No end there is to that which you offends,
Till two of heauens issue lone unite;
And for the auncient fault of that false wight,
A faithfull Shepheards pittie make amends.
Now is there not in all *Arcadia*
Other bowes left, of that celestially roote:
Saue *Amarillis*, and this *Siluis*,
Th'one of *Pans* seed, th'other of *Hercules*.
Nor to our mischiefe yet hath neuer hapt,
That male and female met at any time
Till now. Therefore good reason *Montane* hath
To hope, though all things sort not to the Oracle,
Yet here's a good foundation laid: the rest
High fates haue in their bosomes bred,
And will bring forth at this great marriage day.

Mi. O poore *Mirtillo*! wretched man!
So many cruell enemies? such warres?
To worke my death cannot great Loue suffice?
But that the Fates, their armes will exercise.

Er. This cruell loue (*Mirtillo*) feeds himselfe
With teares, and griefe, but's neuer satisfide.

The faithfull Shepheard.

I promise thee to set my wits a worke,
That the faire Nymphe shall heare thee speake. Lets goe!
These burning sighes do not as they do seeme,
Bring any cooling to th'inflamed hart:
But rather are huge and impetuous windes,
That blow the fire, and make it greater proue,
With swelling whirlwindes of tempestuous loue,
Which vnto wretched louers alwaies beares
Thick clouds of griefe, and showres of dreary teares.

Scene. 3. *Corisca.*

WHo euer sawe or heard a straunger, and
A fonder passion of this foolish loue?
Both loue, and hate, in one selfe hart combin'd,
With such a wondrous mixture: as I know not how,
Or which of them hath got the deeper roote.
If I *Mirilloes* beautie do behold:
His gracious count'nance, good behaiour,
ACTIONS, customes, words and manly lookes:
Loue me assailes, with such a puissant fire,
That I burne altogether. And it seemes
Other affections are quite vanquished with this.
But when I thinke vpon th'obllinate loue
He to another beares; and that for her
He doth despise (I will be bold to say)
My famous beautie of a thousand soft:
I hate him so, / so abhorre the man,
That t's impossible me thinkes at all,
One sparke of loue for him should touch my heart.
Thus with my selfe sometime I say: Oh if I could
Enioy my sweet *Mirillo*! were he mine,
And had not others interest in him,
Oh more then any other happie *Corisca*.
And then in me vpflames such great good will,
And such a gentle loue to him; that I resolute
Straight to discover all my hart to him,
To follow him, and humbly sue to him:
Nay more, eu'n to fall downe and worship him.

The faithfull Shepheard.

On th'other side, I all reclaimed say,
A nice proud foole? one that disdaineth me?
One that can loue another and despise my selfe?
One that can looke on me and not adore me?
One that can so defend him from my looke,
That he dies not for loue. And I that should
See him (as I haue many more ere this)
An humble suppliant before my feete,
Am humble suppliant at his feete my selfe.
Then such a rage at him posselseth mee,
That I disdain my thoughts should think on him,
Mine eyes should looke on him. His verie name
And all my loue, / worse then death do hate.
Then would / haue him the wofulst wight aliu:
And with these hands then could / kill the wretch.
Thus hate, and loue, spight, and desire make waire,
/ that haue bene till now tormenting flame,
To thousand harts: must languish now my selfe,
And in my ill, know others wretchednesse.
/ that so many yeares in cities, streets, courts,
Haue bene inuincible to worthy friends,
Mocking their many hopes, their great desires:
Now conquered am, with silly rusticke loue,
Of a base shepherds brat. Oh above all
Wretched *Corisca* now. What shall I do
To mitigate this amorous furious rage?
Whilst other women haue a heape of lours,
/ haue no other but *Mirtillo* onely.
Am / not stoutly furnished? Oh thousand times,
Ill-counsell'd foole! that now reduced art
Into the pouertie of one sole loue:
Corisca was ne're such a foo'le before.
What's faith? what's constancy? but fables fain'd
By iealous men: and names of vanitie,
Simple women to deceiue. Faith in a womans hart,
(If faith in any womans hart there bee:)
Can neither vertue nor yet goodnesse bee.
But hard necessitie of loue, a wretched law

The faithfull Shepheard.

Of beautie weake that pleaseth onely one,
Because she is not gracious in the eyes of more.
A beautilous Nymph, sought too by multitudes
Of worthy louers, if she be content
With onely one, and all the rest despise,
Either she is no woman, or if so she be,
She is a foole. What's beautie worth vnscene?
Or scene, vnought? or sought too but of one?
The more our louers be, the greater men,
The surer pledge haue we in this vild world.
That we are creatures glorious and rare,
The goodly splendor of a beautilous Nymph,
Is to haue many friends. So in good Townes
Wise men euer doo. It is a fault,
A foolishlicke, all to refuse for one.
What one cannot, many can well performe:
Some serue, some giue, some sit for other vse.
So in the Citie louely Ladies do,
Where I by wit, and by example too,
Of a great Lady leard the Art of loue.
Corisca would she say. Let thy
Louers and thy garments be alike.
Haue many, vse, weare but one, and change often,
Too much conuersing breedeth noysomenesse,
And noysomenesse despight, which turnes to hate:
We cannot worser do, then fill our friends,
Let them go hungry rather from thee still.
So did I alwaies, alwaies louing store,
One for my hand, an other for mine eye:
The best I euer for my bosome kept,
None for my heart, as neare as ere I could.
And now I know not how *Mirtillo* comes
Me to torment, now must I sigh, and worse
Sigh for my selfe, deceiuing no man else.
Now must I robbe my limmes of their repose,
Mine eyes of sleepe, and watch the breake of day:
Now do I wander through these shadow'd woods,
Seeking the footsteps of my hated loue.

What

The faithfull Shepheard.

What must *Corisca* do? shall I entreat him?
No: my hate not giues me leaue. Ile giue him o're,
Nor will my loue consent. What shall I do?
Prayers and subtilties I will attempt:
I will bewray my loue, but not as mine,
If this preuaile not, then Ile make disdain
Finde out a memorable huge reuenge.
Mistillo if thou canst not like my loue,
Then shalt thou trie my hate. And *Amarillis*,
Thou shalt repent thou'er'e my riual w'er't.
Well, to your costs you both shall quickly proue,
What rage in her can do that thus doth loue.

See. 4. *Tiurus. Montanus. Damasus.*

SO helpe me Gods, I know I now do speake
To one that vnderstands more then I do.
These Oracles are still more doubtfull then
We take them, for their words are like to kniues,
Which taken by the hafts, are fit for vse,
But by the edges held, they may do harme.
That *Amarillis* as you argue, is
By the high heavenly Destenies elected for
Arcadiaes vniuersall health: who ought
More to desire, or to esteeme the same
Then I that am her father: but when I regard
That which the Oracle foretold, ill do the signes
Agree with our great hopes: since loue should them
Vnite, how falls it out he flies from her?
How can hate and despight bring forth loues fruite?
Ill could he contradict had heau'ns ordain'd it,
But since he doth contrary it, 'tis cleare,
Heauens do not will: for if so they would
That *Amarillis* should be *Siluios* wife,
A Louer, not a Huntsman, him they would haue made.
Mon. Do you not see he is a child as yet?
He hath attain'd scarcely to eightene yeares,
All in good time he may yet taste of loue.

Th.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Tit. Taste of a beast, heele neuer woman like.

Mon. Many things alter in a yong mans heart.

Tit. But alwaies loue is naturall to youth.

Mon. It is vnnaturall where yeares do want.

Ti. Loue alwaies flowres in our green time of age.

Mon. It doth but flowre, it is quite without all fruit.

Ti. With timely flowres loue euer brings forth fruit.

Hither I came not for to ieast (*Montane*)

Nor to contend with you. But I the father am

Of a deare onely child, and (if it be lawfull so to say)

A worthy child, and by your leaue of many sought.

Mon. *Tuirus*, if the Destenies haue not ordain'd

This marriage, yet the faith they gaue on earth,

Bindes them vntoo't, which if they violate,

They violate their vow to *Cynthia*,

Who is enrag'd gainst vs, how much thou know'st.

But for as much as I discouer can,

The secret counsailes of th'eternall powers:

This knot was knit by th'and of Desteny.

All to good end will sort, be of good cheere.

I'll tell you now a dreame I had last night.

I sawe a thing which makes my auncient hope

Reuiue within my heart, more then before.

Tit. Dreames in the end proue dreames, but what saw you?

Mon. Do you remember that same wofull night,

When swelling *Ladon* ouerflowd his banks,

So that the fishes swam where birds did breed,

And in a moment did the rauinous flood,

Take men and beasts by heapes and heards away.

(Oh sad remembrance) in that very night

I lost my child, more deare then was my heart:

Mine onely child, in cradle warmly laid.

Liuing, and dead, dearly belou'd of me.

The *Torrent* tooke him hence ere we could proue

To giue him succour, being buried quite,

In terrour, sleepe, and darknesse of the night:

Nor could we euer find the cradle where he lay,

By which I gesse some whirlpit swallowd both.

Tit.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Th. Who can gesse otherwise? and I remember now,
You told me of this your mishap before :
A memorable misadventure sure,
And you may say, you haue two sonnes begot,
One to the woods, the other to the waues.

Mon. Perhaps the pitious heauens will restore
My first sonnes losse, in him that liueth yet;
Still must we hope, now listen to my tale.
The time when light and darknesse stroue together,
This one for night, that other for the day,
Hauing watcht all the night before, with thought
To bring this marriage to a happie end,
At last, with length of wearinesse, mine eyes
A pleasing slumber closde, when I this vision sawe,
Me thought I sat on famous *Alfew* banke,
Vnder a leauy plane tree with a bayted hooke,
Tempting the fishes in the streame, in midst
Whereof, there rose me thought an aged man :
His head and beard dropping downe siluer teares,
Who gently raught to me with both his hands
A naked childe, saying, behold thy sonne,
Take heed thou killst him not. And with that word
He diued downe againe. When straight the skies
Waxt blacke with cloudes, threatning a dismall shoure,
And I afraid, the child tooke in mine armes,
Crying, ah heauens, and will you in an instant then,
Both giue and take away my child againe?
When on the sudden all the skie waxt cleare:
And in the Riuer fell a thousand bowes,
And thousand arrowes, broken all to shivers!
The body of the plane tree trembled there,
And out of it there came a subtile voyce
Which said, *Arcadia* shalbe faire againe.
So is the Image of this gentle dreame
Fixt in my heart, that still me thinkes I see't:
But aboue all, the curteous aged man.
For this when you me met, / comming was
Vnto the temple for to sacrifice,

D

To

The faithfull Shepheard.

To giue my dreames presage prosperous successe.

Tis. Our dreames are rather representations vaine
Of idle hopes, then any things to come:
Onely daies thoughts made fables for the night.

Mon. The mind doth not sleepe euer with the flesh,
But is more watchfull then, because the eyes
Do not lead it a wandering where they goe.

Tis. Well, of our children what the heauens disposed haue,
Is quite vnknowne to vs, but sure it is,
Yours gainst the law of nature feelles not loue.
And mine hath but the bond of his faith giu'n
For her reward. I cannot say she loues,
But well I wot she hath made many loue:
And 't is vnlike, she tastes not that she makes
So many taste. Me thinkes shee's alter'd much
From that she was: for full of sport and mirth,
Shee's wont to be. But 't is a grieuous thing,
To keepe a woman married and vnmarried thus.
For like a Rose that in some garden growes,
How daintie 't is against the Sunne doth rise,
Perfuming with sweete odours round about,
Bidding the humming bees to honey feast:
But if you then neglect to gather it,
And suffer *Tian* in his middayes course
To scorch her sides, and burne her daintie seat,
Then ere Sun-set, discoloured she falls,
And nothing worth vpon the shadow'd hedge.
Euen so a maid whom mothers care doth keepe,
Shutting her heart from amorous desires.
But if the piercing lookes of hungry louers eyes
Come but to view her, if she heare him sigh,
Her heart soone ope's, her breast soone takes in loue:
Which if for shame she hide, or feare containe,
The silent wretch in deepe desire consumes.
So fadeth beautie if that fire endore,
And keeing time, good fortune's lost be sure.

Mon. Be of good cheare, let not these humane feares,
Confound thy spright, let's put our trust i' sh' Gods,

And

The faithfull Shepheard.

And pray to them (t'is meet) for good successe.
Our children are their off-spring, and be sure
They will not see them lost that others keepe.
Go'w, let vs to the Temple ioyntly goe,
And sacrifice you a hee Goat to Pan,
A young Bull, to mightie Hercules.
He that the heard makes thrue, can therewithall
Make him thrue, that with the profits of his heard
Hallows the Altars. Faithfull *Dametas*,
Go thou and fetch a young and louely Bull,
As anie's in the heard, and bring it by the mountaines way,
I at the Temple will attend for thee.

Tit. A he Goat bring *Dametas* from my heard.
Exeunt Mon. & Tit.

Da. Both one and other I will well performe.
I pray the Gods (*Montane*) thy dreame do sort
Vnto as good an end as thou dost hope.
I know remembrance of thy sonne thou lost,
Inspires thee with a happie prophecie.

See. 5. Satir. alone.

Like frost to grasse, like drought to gentle flowres,
Like lightning vnto corne, like wormes to seeds,
Like nets to deere, like lime to silly birds,
So to mankind is loue a cruell fog.
He that loue lik'ned vnto fire, knew well
His perfidious and wicked kind. For looke
But on this fire, how fine a thing it is,
But touch it, and t'is then a cruell thing.
The world hath not a monster more to dread,
It rauens worse then beasts, and strikes more deepe
Then edged Steele, and like the winde it flies
And where it planteth his impetuous feet,
Each force doth yeeld, all power giueth place.
Eu'n so this loue, if we it but behold,
In two faire eyes, and in a golden Tresse,
Oh how it pleaseth! oh how then it seemes
To breathe out ioy, and promise largely peace!

The faithfull Shepheard.

But if you it approach, and tempt it once,
So that it creepe and gather force in you,
Hircane no Tigres, *Liby* no Lyons hath,
Nor poisonous wormes, with teeth or stings so fierce,
That can surpasse, or equall loues disease,
More dreadfull then is hell, then death it selfe,
Sweete pitties foe, the minister of rage:
And to conclude, loue voyd of any loue.
Why speake I thus of loue? why blame him thus?
Is he the cause that the whole world in loue,
Or rather loue-dissembling, sinneth so?
Oh womans treacherie! that is the cause
That hath begotten loue this infamy.
How euer loue be in his nature good,
With them his goodnesse suddenly he leeseeth.
They neuer suffer him to touch their hearts,
But in their faces onely build his bowre.
Their care, their pompe, and all their whole delights,
Is in the barke of a bepainted face.
Tis not in them now faith with faith to grace,
And to contend in loue with him that loues,
Into two breasts diuiding but one will:
Now all their labour is, with burnisht gold
To die their haire, and tye it vp in curls,
Therein to snare vnwary louers in.
O what a stinking thing it is, to see them take
A Pencill vp, and paint their bloudlesse cheekes:
Hiding the faults of nature and of time,
Making the pale to blush, the wrinkled plaine,
The blacke seeme white, faults mending with farre worse.
Then with a paire of pincers do they pull
Their eye-browes till they smart againe.
But this is nothing, though it be too much,
For all their customes are alike to these.
What is it that they vse, which is not counterfeit?
Ope they their mouthes? they lie: mooue they their eyes?
They counterfeit their lookes: If so they sigh,
Their sighes dissembled are. In summe, each act,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Each looke, each gesture, is a verie lie.
Nor is this yet the worst. T'is their delight,
Them to deceiue eu'n most, that trust them most;
And loue them least, that are most worthy loue.
True faith to hate, worser then death it selfe:
These be the trickes that make loue so peruerse.
Then is the fault faithlesse *Corisca* thine?
Or rather mine, that haue beleeu'd thee so?
How many troubles haue I for thy sake sustaind?
I now repent, nay more I am ashamed.
Louers belecue me, women once ador'd,
Are worser then the grieffy powers of hell.
Strait by their valure vaunt they that they are
The same you by your folly fashion them.
Let go these baser sighes, prayers and plaints,
Fit weapons for women and children onely.
Once did I thinke that prayers, plaints, and sighes,
Might in a womans heart haue stirred vp
The flames of loue, but rush I was deceiu'd.
Then if thou wouldst thy mistresse conquer, leaue
These silly royes, and close thou vp all loue.
Do that which loue and nature teacheth thee,
For modestie is but the outward vertue of (destie,
A womans face. Wherefore to handle her with mo-
Is a meere fault, she though the vse it, loues it not.
A tender-harted Louer shalt thou not
Corisca euer find me more, but like a man
I will assaile and pierce thee through and through.
T'wise haue I taken thee, and twise againe
Thou hast escap'd (I know not how) my hands:
But if thou com'st the third time in my reach,
I'll fetter thee for running then away.
T'hart wont to passe these woods, I like a hound
Will hunt thee out. Oh what a sweet reuenge
I meane to take: I meane to make thee proue
What t'is vniustly to betray thy Loue.

Exit.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Chorus.

Oh high and puissant law writ, rather borne
Within loues mightie brest,
Whose euer sweet and louely louing force,
Towards that good which we vnseene suborne,
Our harts doth pull and wills doth wrest,
And eu'n naturas selfe so it doth force;
Not onely our fraile corpece
Whose sence scarce sees is borne and dies againe,
As daily houres waxe and waine.
But eu'n inward causes, hidden seeds

That moues and gouernes our eternall deeds,
If great with child she wox la do wondrous frame
So many beauties still:
And if within as farre as Sonne doth see
To'th mightie Moone and starres Tutanian same
A liuing spright doth fill,
With his male valew this same wist degree,
If thence mans offspring bee.
The plants haue life, and beasts both good and bad,
Whether the earth be clad
With floures, or nipt haue her ill-feathered wings,
It still comes from thine euerspring spring.

Nor this alone but that which hopes of fire
Sheds into mortall wight
From whence starres gentle, from strais fierce are found
Clad in good fortunes or misfortunes attaine
From whence lifes frailest lights
The houre of birth haue, or of death the bound,
That which makes rise or else pulls downe
In their disturbed afflicts all humane will
And giuing seemes, or taking still
Fortune, to whom the world would this more giuen,
All from thy soueraigne bounty is deriuen.

Oh word inuentably true and sure
If it thy meaning is

The faithfull Shepheard. II

Arcadia shall after so many woes
Finde out new rest and peace, new life procure.
If the fore-told on blisse
Which the great Oracle did erst expose
Of the faire fatall marriage rose
Proceed from thee, and in thy bea'nly minde
Her fixed place doth finde.

If that same voice do not dissemble still,
Who hinders then the working of thy will?

See lones and pitties foe, a wayward swaine,

A proud and cruell youth,
That comes from heauen, and yet with heau'n contends.

See then another Loner, (faithfull in vaine)

Battering a harts chaste truth,

Who with his flames perhaps thy will offends,

The lesse that he attends,

Pittie to's plaints: reward to his desert

More straungely flames in faith his hart.

Fatall this becauise is to him that it high prizeeth,

Being destenied to him that it despieth.

Thus in it selfe alas diuided stands

This heauenly power,

And thus one fate another smites still,

Yet neither conquered is, neither commands,

False humane hopes that towre

And plant a siege to th' Elementall hill,

Rebellious vnto heauens will:

Arming poore thoughts like giant foales againe.

Loners and no Loners being.

Who would haue thought loue and disdaine blind things,

Should mount aboue the saueraigne starry wings.

But thou that standst aboue both starres & fate,

And with thy wit diuine

Great mouer of the skies dost them restrain,

Behold: we thee beseech our doubtfull state

With destiny combine.

And fathers louing zeale, loue and disdaine,

Mixe flame and frozen vaine.

Let

The faithfull Shepheard.

Let them that sound to loue, now learn to loue,
Let not that other mone.
Ab let not others blindest folly thus
Thy gently promise pittie take from vs.
But who doth know? perhaps this same that serues
An vnanoydable mischievous estate,
May proue right fortunate.

How fond a thing it is for mortall sight
To search into the Eternall sunnes high light.

An end of the first Act.

Act. 2. Scene. 1.

Ergasto. Mirtillo.

HOW I haue searcht alongst the rivers side,
About the meadowes, fountains, and the hills,
To find thee out: which now I haue, the gods be praisd.

Mir. Ah that thy newes *Ergasto* may deserue
This haste. But bringst thou life or death?

Er. This though I had I would not giue it thee.
That do I hope to giue thee, though I haue it not
As yet. But fie, thou must not suffer griefe
To ouerthrow thy fences thus. Liue man and hope.
But to the purpose of my comming now,
Ormino hath a sister, knowst her not?

A tall big wench, a merry-countnaun't Nympe
With yelow haire, somewhat high-coloured.

Mir. What is her name? (*Er.*) *Corisca.* (*Mir.*) I know her
And heretofore haue spoke with her. (well,

Er. Then know that she (and see withall your lucke)
Is now become (I know not by what priuiledge)
Companion to your beauteous *Amarillis.*

I haue discouered all your loue to her,
And this which you desire, and readily
She me hath giu'n her faith to bring't about.

Mir. O happie *Mirtillo* if this same proue true:
But said she nothing of the meanes whereby?

Er. Nothing as yet, nor would she that conclude
Vntill she knew the manner of your loue.

How

The faithfull Shepheard.

How it began, and what hath hap't therein,
That she might easilier spe into the hart
Of your beloued Nymph, and better know
How to dispoſe by prayers or by fraud
Of her request. For this I came to you,
And make me now acquainted from the head,
With all the historie of your deare Loue.

Mir. So will I do, but yet *Ergasto* know
This memorie (a bitter hopelesse thing)
Is like a fire-brand tossed in the winde,
By which how much the fire increaseth still,
So much the brand with blazing flame consumes.
O piercing shaft made by some power diuine!
The which the more we seeke to draw it out,
The faster hold it takes, the deeper roote.
Well can I tell you, that these Louers hopes
Are full of vanities and falshoods still,
Loues fruit is bitter, though the roote be sweet.
In that sweet time when dayes aduantage get
Aboue the nights, then when the yeare begins:
This daintie pilgrim, beauties bright new sunne,
Came with her count'nance like another spring,
Tilluminat my then thrise happie soyle
Of *Pisā*, and *Eglidis* faire. Brought by her mother
To see the sacrifices and the sports
That celebrated in those solemne daies
Were vnto *Ioue*. Where while she ment to make
Her eye-sight blest with that same spectacle,
She blest the spectacle with her faire eyes,
Being loues greatest miracle beneath the skies.
No sooner had I seene that face, but straight
I burnt, defending not the formost looke,
Which though mine eies into my brest directed
Such an imperious beautie, as me thought did say,
Mirillo yeeld thy hart for it is mine.

Er. Oh in our brests what mighty power hath loue?
Ther's none can tell, saue they the same which proue

The faithfull Shepheard.

Mr. See how industrious loue can worke eu'n in
The simplest brests. A sister which I had
I made acquainted with my thoughts, who was
By chance companion to my cruell Nympe.
The time she staid in *Pisa* and *Elide*,
Shee faithfull counsell, and good aide me gaue,
She drest me finely in one of her gownes,
Circling my temples with a periwig,
Which gracefully she trimmed vp with flowres.
A quiuer and a bowe hung at my side,
She taught me furthermore to faine my voice
And lookes, for in my face as then there grew no haire.
This done, she me conducted where the Nympe
Was wont to sport her selfe, and where we found
A noble troupe of maydens of *Megara*,
By blood or loue allyed to my goddesse.
Mongst them she stood like to a princely Rose,
Among a heape of humble Violets.
We had not long bene there before vprose
One of the maydens of *Megara*, and thus bespake.
Why stand we idly still in such a time,
When palmes and famous trophees are so rise?
Haue not we armes counterfait fights to make
As well as men? Sisters be rulde by mee:
Let's proue among our selues our armes in iest,
That when we come to earnest them with men,
We may them better vse. Let's kisse, and strue
Who can kisse sweetliest among our selues:
And let this garland be the victors gaine.
All at the proposition laught: and all
Vnto it strait agreed. Straightway began
A fight confused, no signall we attended.
Which by her scene that first ordaind the sport,
She saies againe. Let's make her worthy iudge
That hath the fairest mouth. All soone agreed,
And *Amarillis* chose. Who sweetly bowing downe,
Her beauteous eyes in modest blushing staid,
Did shew they were as faire within as th' were without.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Or that her face her rich-clad mouth enuyed,
And would be cloath'd in pompous purple too,
As who should say, I am as faire as it.

Er. In good time did you chaunge into a Nymphe,
A happy token of good lucke to come.

Mir. Now did the beautilous iudge sit in her plate,
According as the *Megarence* prescrib'd.

Each went by lot to make due prooffe of her
Rare mouth, that heauenly paragon of sweetnesse.
That blessed mouth that may be likened to
A perfum'd Indian shell of orientall pearle,
Op'ning the daintie treasure, mixt with hony sweet
And purple blush. I cannot (my *Ergasto*) tell
Th' inexplicable sweetnesse which I felt

Out of that kisse. But looke what *Cypres* caues
Or hiues of *Hybla* haue, are nothing all
Compar'd with that which then I tasted there.

Er. Oh happy these sweet kisse. (*Mir.*) Yea sweet,
But yet not gracious, for it wanted still

The better part: loue gaue it, but loue not
Return'd it backe. (*Er.*) But then how did you
When it was your lot to kisse? (*Mir.*) Vnto those lips
My soule did wholly flie, and all my life
So shut therein, as in a litle space

It waxed nothing but a kisse. And all
My other limmes stood strengthlesse trembling still,
When I approached to her lightning lookes,
Knowing my deed was theft and deceit,
I feared the maiestie of her faire face,

But she assures me with a pleasing smile:
And puts me forward more, loue sitting like
A Bee vpon two fresh and daintie Roses close.

Kissing, I tasted there the honey sweet,
But hauing kist, I felt the louely Bee

Strike through my hart with his sharp piercing sting,
And being wounded thus, halfe desperate,

I thought I haue bitten those manslaught'ring lips,
But that her odoriferous breath like aere diuine,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Wak'ned my modestie and still my rage.

Er. This modestie molested Louers still.

Mir. Now were the lotts fullid, and eu'ry one
With heedfull minds the sentence did attend:
When *Amarillis* iudging mine the best,
With her owne hands she crownes my tresses, with
The gentle garland kept for victorie.
But neuer was shadelesse meadow drier parcht,
Vnder the balefull fury of the heauenly dog,
Then was my hart in sunshine of that sweet,
Neuer so vanquisht as in victorie.

Yet had I power to take the garland off,
And reach it her, saying to you belongs
Alone the same. T'is due to you, that made
Mine good, by vertue of your mouth.
She gently took't and crownd her selfe therewith.
And with an other that she ware crownd mine.
T's this I weare thus dried as you see,
It will I carry to my graue with mee.
In deare remembrance of that happie day.
But more for signe of my dead hopes decay.

Er. Thou pittie more then enuy dost deserue,
That wert another *Tantalus* in loues delights,
That of a sport a torment true didst make.
Thou pai'st too deare for thy stolne delicates.
But did she ere perceiue thy pollicies?

Mir. That know I not (*Ergasto*) yet thus much I
That in the time she made *Etidis* blest (know,
With her sweet count'nance, she liberall was
Of pleasing lookes to mee. But thereof did
My cruell fates robbe me so sodeinly,
That I perceiu'd it not till they were gone.
Whē I drawne by the power of her beauteous looke
Leauing my home came hither, where thou know'st
My father had this poore habitacle.
But now the day that with so faire a spring began,
Come to his western bound, thunders & lightes out,
Ah then I saw these were true signes of death.

Now

The faithfull Shepheard.

Now had (alas) my tender father felt,
My not-foreseene departure, and overcome
With griefe, fell sicke nigh hand to death,
Whereby I was constrained to returne.
Ah that returne prooued the fathers health,
But deadly sicknesse to the sonne: for in short time
I languished and pined quite away.
Which held me from the time the sunne had left
The bull, vntill his entry into *Capricorne*.
And so had still, had not my pitious father sought
For counsaile to the Oracle, which said,
Onely *Arcadia* could restore my health.
So I returnd to see her that can heale
My bodies griefe (O Oracles false lye)
But makes my soule sicke euerlastingly.

Er. Strange tale thou telst (*Mirtillo*) thought't be true.
The onely health to one that's desperate,
Is to dispaire of health. And now 'tis time
I goe communicate with our *Corisca*.
Go to the fountaine you, there stay for me,
He make what haste I can. (*Mir.*) Goe happily,
The heauens (*Ergasto*) quith thy curtesie.

See. 2. Dorindo. Lupino. Siluio.

O Fortunate delight, and care of my
Faire (spightfull *Siluis*). Ah that I were
As deare vnto thy cruell maister as thou art.
(*Happie Metampo*) he with that white hand,
That nippes my heart, thee softly stroking feeds.
With thee all day and all the night he is,
Whilst I that loue him so, sigh still in vaine.
And that which greues me worst, he giues thee still:
Kisses so sweete, that had I one of them,
I should goe blest away. I cannot choose
But kisse *Metampo*. Now if th'appie starres
Of loue, sent thee to me beause thou shouldst
Find out his steps. Go w whither me great loue.

The faithfull Shepheard.

The nature teacheth. But I heare a home
Sound in these woods. (Su.) Vo ho ho, *Melampo* ho.

Do. If my desire deceiue me not, that is the voice
Of my beloued *Siluius*, that calls his dogge,
He hath our labour sau'd. (Su.) Vohoho, *Melampo* ho.

Do. Doubtlesse t's he: happie *Dorinda*. heauens
Haue sent him whom thou soughtst, t's best I put
The dogge aside, so may I win his loue.

Lupino. (Lu.) Whats your will? (Do.) Go hide thy selfe
In that same thicke, and take the dogge with thee. (Lu.) I goe.

Do. And stirre not till I call. (Lu.) No more I will.

Do. Go soone. (Lu.) And call you soone, least hunger make
The dogge beleue I am a shoulder of mutton, and so fall too.

Do. Go get you hence hen-hearted wretch.

Sil. O wretched me, whither shall I goe
To follow thee my deere, my faithfull dogge?
The dales, the mountaines, I haue sought with care,

All weary now I am. Curst be the beast
Thou didst pursue. But see a Nympe, perhaps
She can tell newes of him. Out vpon her,
T'is she that's still so troublesome to me.

I must dissemble. Faire and gracious Nympe,
Did you my good *Melampo* see to day?

Do. I faire good *Siluius*? can you call me faire?
That am not faire a whit vnto your eyes.

Sil. Or faire, or foule, did you not see my dogge?
Answer to this, or I am quickly gone.

Do. Stil thou art froward vnto her that thee adores,
Who would beleue that in that smooth aspect
Were harboured such rugged thoughts. Thou through
These sauage woods and rocky hills pursu'st
A beast that flies thee, and consum'st thy selfe
In tracing out thy greyhounds steps: and me
Thou shun'st and dost disdain that loues thee so.
Ah leaue these does that runne so fast away,
Take hold of me thy preordained pray.

Sil. Nympe, I *Melampo* came to seeke, not to loose time,
Farewell. (Do.) Do not so shun me cruell *Siluius*,

The faithfull Shepheard.

I'll tell thee newes of thy *Melampo* man.

Sil. Thou iests *Dorinda.* (*Do.*) *Silvio*, I protest
By that deare loue that me thy handmaid makes,
I know where thy *Melampo* is that courtst the doe. (power.

Sil. How did he leese her? (*Do.*) Both dog and doe are in my

Sil. Both in your power? (*Do.*) Why doth it grieue you then
That I them hold that do adore you so?

Sil. Deare *Dorinda*, quickly giue me him.

Do. See wau'ring child, am I not fortunate?

When a beast and a dogge can make me deare to thee.

Sil. Good reason too, but yet her Ile deceiue.

Do. What will you giue me? (*Sil.*) Two goulded apples
Which my mother gaue me yesterday.

Do. I want no apples, and perhaps I could

Thee better-tasted giue; didst thou not thus

Disdaine my gifts. (*Sil.*) What wouldst thou haue, a kid,

A lambe? Ah but my father giues me no such leaue.

Do. Nor kids, nor lambes do I desire, it is thy loue

My *Silvio* which I seeke. (*Sil.*) Wilt thou nought but my loue?

Do. Nought else. (*Sil.*) I giue it thee. Now my deare Nymph

Giue me my dog and doe. (*Do.*) Ah that thou knewst

That treasures worth whereof thou seemst so liberall,

Or that thy heart did answere to thy tongue.

Sil. Heare me faire Nymph, thou euer telst me of

A certaine loue, I know not what it is.

Thou dost desire I should thee loue, and so I do.

As faire forth as I can, or vnderstand,

Thou callst me true'l, and I know not cruelkie.

Do. Wretched *Dorinda*, how hast thou plapt thy hopes

In beautie, feeling ne're a sparke of loue?

Thou louely boy art such a fire to me,

And yet burnes not thy selfe. Thee vnder humane shape

Of daintie mother, did the *Cyprian* dame

Bring forth, thou hast his arrowes and his fire.

Well knowe my breast both burnt and wounded too.

Get but his wings vnto thy shoulders, and

New *Cypria* shalt thou be, wert not thy heart

Is made of rocky frozen /sy selfe.

Thou

The faithfull Shepheard.

Thou wantedst naught of loue, but loue it selfe.

Sil. Tell me, what kind of thing is this same louet

Do. If in thy face I looke (oh louely boy)

Then is this loue a paradize of ioy.

But if I turne and view my spirit well,

Then 't is a flame of deepe infernall hell.

Sil. Nymph, no more words, giue me my dog and doe.

Do. Nay giue me first, the loue you promised.

Sil. Haue I not giu'n it? what a stirre is here,

Her to content: take it, do what thou wilt,

Who doth forbid thee? what wouldst thou haue more?

Do. Thou sow'st thy seed in sand wretched *Dorinda*.

Sil. What would you haue? why do you linger thus?

Do. As soone as you haue got what you desire,

(Perfidious *Silvio*) you are gone from me. (pledge?)

Sil. No trust me Nymph. (*Do.*) Giue me a pledge. (*Sil.*) What

Do. I dare not tell. (*Sil.*) And why? (*Do.*) I am asham'd.

Sil. Are you asham'd to speake, and not asham'd

It to receiue? (*Do.*) If you will promise me

To giue it, I will tell. (*Sil.*) I promise you.

Do. (*Silvio* my deare) do you not vnderstand me yet?

I should haue vnderstood you but with halfe of this.

Sil. Thou art more subrill much then I.

Do. I am more earnest, and lesse cruel much then thou.

Sil. To say the troath, I am no Prophet I,

You must speake if you'll haue me vnderstand.

Do. O wretch one of those which thy mother gaue to thee.

Sil. A blow on th' eare? (*Do.*) A blow on th' ear to one y' loues

Sil. Sometime she maketh much of me with one of the. (thee?)

Do. Doth she not kisse you then? (*Sil.*) Nor she nor any else

Doth kisse me. But perhaps you'd haue a kisse.

You answered not, your blushing you accuseth,

I am content, but giue me first my dogge.

Do. Y' haue promist me? (*Sil.*) T'is true, I haue promist thee.

Do. And will you stay? (*Sil.*) Tush what a stirre is here! I will.

[*Do.* Come forth *Lupino*, *Lupino* dost not heare?

Lu. Who calls? I come, I come, it was not I,

It was the dogge that slept. (*Do.*) Behold thy dogge

More courteous then thy selfe. (*Sil.*) O happy me.

Do.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Do. He in these armes that thou despisest so,
Did put himselfe. (*Sil.*) O my most deare *Melampo*.

Do. Esteeming deare my kisses and my sighes.

Sil. Ile kisse thee thousand times poore curre.

Hast thou no harme in running poore *Melampo*?

Do. O happie dog might I change lot: with thee:

Am I not brought vnto an excellent passe,

That of a dog I must be iealous thus?

Lupino go vnto the hunting strait,

Ile follow thee. (*Ln.*) *Mistresse I go. Exit.*

Scene. 3. Siluio. Dorindo.

I Sought behind? Where is the Doe you promist me?

Do. Will you her haue aliue or dead?

Sil. I vnderstand you not.

How's she aliue, hath not my dog her kild?

Do. But say the dog hath not. (*Sil.*) Is she aliue?

Do. Aliue. (*Sil.*) So much more welcome she is.

Do. Onely shee's wounded in the hart. (*Sil.*) Thou mockst?

How can she liue and wounded in the hart?

Do. My cruell *Silvio*, I am that same Do,

Without pursuit or conquest taken so.

Quicke if thou pleasest to accept of me,

Dead if thou dost despise my companie.

Sil. Is this the Do, the game you told me of?

Do. This is the same. Ay me, why looke you so?

Hold you a Nymph no dearer then a Do?

Sil. I neither hold thee deare nor like of thee:

But hate thee brute, vilde, lying filth. *Exit.*

Do. Is this my guerdon cruell *Silvio*?

Vngratefull boy, is this all my reward?

I gaue *Melampo* and my selfe with him to thee,

Hoping that thus thou wouldst not haue denide

The sunshine of thine eyes to me. I would

Haue kept thee and thy dog most faithfull company.

I would haue wipe thy browes from toilefull sweat:

Vpon this lap that neuer taketh rest,

Thou might'st haue ta'ne thy rest. I would

The faithfull Shepheard.

Haue carried all thy reu and prou'd thy pray,
When beasts had wanted in the woods thou mightst
Haue shot at me for one, and in this brest
Haue vied still thy tough-well-sinew'd bowe.
So as thou wouldst, I like thy seruant might
Thy weapons carried haue, or prou'd thy pray,
Making my brest both quiver and the marke
For those thy shafts. But vnto whom speake I?
To him that heares me not, but's fled from me.
Flee where thou wilt, thee will I still pursue,
Eu'n into hell, if any hell can be
More painfull then my griefe, then thy great crueltie. *Exit.*

Scene 4. Corisca.

O How Fortune fauours my disleignes
More then I lookt for. She good reason hath,
For I ne're askt her fauour shamefally.
Great pow're she hath, and with good cause the world
Calls her a puissant goddess: yet must we not sit still,
For sildome idle folkes proue fortunate.
Had not my industry made me companion vnto her,
What would this fit occasion haue auailed me,
To bring my purpose vnto passe? Some foole
Would haue her riual shund, and shew'd signes of
Her ieaiousie, bearing an euil eye
About, but that had bene ill done, for easilier
May one keepe her from an open then a hidden foe.
The couer'd rocks are those which do deceiue
The wisest mariners Who cannot friendshup faine,
Cannot truly hate. Now see what I can do,
I am not such an asle to thinke she doth not loue,
It might she make some other foole beleue.
But tush, I am the mistresse of this art. A tender wench,
Scarce from the cradle crept, in whom loue hath
Still'd but the first drops of his sweet, so long
Pursued and woo'd by a worthy friend,
And worse, kilt, and rekt, and yet not loued

She

The faithfull Shepheard:

She is an asse that it beleeueth. He not beleeu't.
But see how Fortune fauours me: Behold
Where *Amarillis* is her selfe, He make
As though I sawe her not, and stand aside.

Scene 5. Amarillis. Corisca.

DEare blessed woods, and you the silent groues
Of rest and peace, the harbour-houses true:
How willingly I turne to visit you.
And if my starres had so bene pleas'd t'haue let
Me liue vnto my selfe, I with th'elizian fields
The happie gardeins of the demy gods,
Wou'd not haue chang'd your gentle shadow spots.
If I iudge right, these worldly goods are nought
But mischiefes, still the richest haue least goods,
And he possesseth most that is most poore.
Riches are euer snares of libertie.
What's fame of beautie worth in tender yeares?
Or heavenly noblenesse in mortall blood?
So many fauours, both of heauen and earth,
Fields large, and happie, goodly meadow plaines,
Fat pastures, that do fatter flocks present,
If in the same the hart be not content.
Happie that shepheardesse, whose scarcely knees,
A poore, but yet a cleanly gowne doth reach:
Rich in her selfe, onely in natures gifts.
Who in sweet pouertie, no poorenesse knowest:
Nor feelles no tortures which this riches brings.
Desire to haue much, nere doth her torment,
If she be poore, yet is she well content.
She natures gifts doth nurse with natures gifts,
Making milke spring with milke, saucing her natue sweet
With hony of the Bee, one fountaine serueth her
To drinke, to wash, and for her looking glasse.
If she be well, then all the world is well.
Let the cloudes rise, and thunder threat amaine,
Her pouertie doth all the feare preuent,

The faithfull Shepheard.

If she be poore, yet is she well content.
Finely the flocke committed to her charge
Feeds on the grasse, the whilst her shepheard friend
Feeds on her eyes, not whom the starres, or men,
Her destenies, but whom affection chooseth.

Then in the shadow of a Mirtell tree,
Cherisht, she cherisheth againe; nor doth
She feele that hear which she discouers not:
Nor ever heart discouer which she doth not feele.
Alwaies declaring troth of her intent,
If she be poore, yet is she well content.

True life that knowes not death before they die.
Ah that I might my fortune chaunge with theirs.
But see *Corisca*, Gods saue you good *Corisca*.

Co. Who calleth me? Deare *Amarillus*, dearer then
Mine eies, my life, whither go you alone?

Ama. No further then you see, glad I haue found you out.

Co. You haue her found that will not part from you,
And eu'n now, thus was I thinking with my selfe,
Were I her soule how could she stay away so long?
And therewithall you came my deare, and yet
You do not loue your poore *Corisca*. (*Am.*) Why so?

Co. Aske you why so? and you a bride to day.

Ama. A bride? (*Co.*) A bride, and yet from me you keep it.

Ama. How should I vtter that I do not know?

Co. Yet wil you faine? (*Am.*) You iest. (*Co.*) T'is you that iest.

Ama. And can it then be true? (*Co.*) Most certaine true.

Do not you know thereof? (*Ama.*) I know I promist was,
But know not that the marriage is so neare.

Co. I heard it of my brother *Ormin*: and to say the troth,
There is no other talke. But you looke pale.

This newes perhaps doth trouble you. (*Ama.*) It is
Long since the promise past, and still my mother said
This day it should reuiue. (*Co.*) Vnto a better life
You shall reuiue, for this you should be merry,
Why do you sigh? let that poore wretch go sigh.

Ama. What wretch? (*Co.*) *Mirtillo*, whom eu'n now I found
Readie to die: and surely he had died.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Had I not promist him this marriage to disturbe,
Which though I onely for his comfort said,
Yet were I fit to do it. (*Am.*) And did he giue cōsent?

Co. I: and the meanes. (*Am.*) I pray you how? (*Co.*) Easily:
So you thereto disposed be to yeeld.

Ama. That could I hope, and would you giue your faith
Not to disclose it, I discouer would
A thought which in my heart I long haue hid.

Co. I: it disclose! Ground open first thy iawes
And swallow me vp by a miracle.

Ama. Know then (*Corisca*) when I think I must
Be subiect to a child, that hates, that flies from me,
And hath no other sport but woods and beasts,
And loues a dogge better then thousand Nimphs,
I malcontented liue halfe desperate.

But dare not say so for respect I beare
Vnto mine honestie, vnto my faith
Which to my father, and what woiser is,
Which to our puissant goddesse I haue giu'n:
If by thy helpe my faith my life both sau'd,
I might diuide me from this heauie knot,
Then shouldst thou be my health, my verie life.

Co. If so for this thou sigh'st good reason thou
Deare *Amarillis* hast. How oft he said?

A thing so faire to one that can despise it?
So rich a lemme to one that knowes it not:
But you too craftie are to tell the troth.

What let's you now to speake? (*Ama.*) The shame I haue.

Co. Sister you haue a mischieuous disease,
I had rather haue the poxe, the feuer, or the fistula,
But trust to me, you'l'e quickly leaue the same:
Once do but master it, and then t'is gone.

Ama. This shamesfastnesse that nature stamps in vs
Cannot be mastered, for if you seeke
To hunt it from your hart, it flies into your face.

Co. O *Amarillis*, who (too wise) conceales
Her ill, at last great folly she reueales.
Hadst thou but at the first discovered

The faithfull Shepheard.

This thought to me, thou hadst bene lose ere this.
Now trie *Coriscars* art, you could not haue
Entrusted you into more subtil faithfull hands.
But when you shall be freed by my helpe
From this same captiue husband, will you not
Provide you of another Louer then?

Ama. At better ley sure we will thinke of that.

Co. Trust me you cannot faithfull *Mirtillo*.
You know there is not at this day a swaine
For valem, honest troth and beautie, worthier
Of your affection. And you will let him die,
Without so much as saying so. Yet heare him once.

Ama. How better t'were to giue him peace & stab:
The roote of such desire as hath no hope.

Co. Giue him this comfort yet before he die.

Ama. It rather double will his miserie.

Co. Leauē that to him. (*Ama.*) But what becomes of me,
If euer it be knowne? (*Co.*) Small hurt thou hast.

Ama. And small t'shalbe before my name it do endauger.

Co. If you may faile in this then in the rest.

I you may faile, *Adieu*. (*Ama.*) Nay stay *Corisca*,
Heare me but speak. (*Co.*) No not a word, vnlesse
You promise me. (*Ama.*) I promise you, so you
Do tie me to nought else. (*Co.*) To nothing else.

Ama. And you shall make him thinke I knew not of it.

Co. Ile make him think it was by chance. (*Ama.*) And that I
Depart asloone as I thinke good. (*Co.*) Asloone (may
As you haue heard him speake. (*Ama.*) And that he shall
Quickly dispatch. (*Co.*) So shall he do. (*Ama.*) And that
He come not neare me by my darts length neuer.

Co. O what a toyle t'is to reforme your simpleness:

All parts sauing his tongue wee'le surely tie.

Wil you ougth else? (*Ama.*) No nothing else. (*Co.*) Whē wil you

Ama. When you think good, giue me but so much time (do'tt
I may go home and heare more of this marriage.

Co. Go. But take heed you do it warily.

But heare what I am thinking on. To day
About noone time among these shadow trees

Come

The faithfull Shepheard.

Come you without your Nimphs, here shall you find
Me to that end, with me shalbe *Nerine*,

Aglaure, Elisa, Phillis, and *Licoris*, all mine owne.

As wise as faithfull good companions.

Here may you now (as often you haue done)

Play at blind buffe. *Mirtil* will easily thinke,

That for your sport and not for him you came.

Ama. This please me, but yet I would not haue
Your Nimphs to heare the words *Mirtillo* speakes.

Co. I vnderstand, and well aduise, let me alone,

I'll make them vanish when I see my time:

Go, and forget not now to loue your poore *Corisca*.

Am. How can I chuse but loue her in whose hands
I haue reposed my life. (*Co.*) So she is gone. *Exit. Am.*

Small force will serue to batter downe this rocke,

Though she haue made defence to my assault,

Yet will she neuer his abide. I know too well.

How hartie prayers of a gracious Loue

Can tempt a tender wenches hart. Yet with this sport

I'll tye her so, shee'll scarcely thinke it sport.

I'll by her words, will she or nill she, spie

And pierce into the bowels of her hart,

I'll make me mistresse of her secrets all.

Then I'll conduct her so that she shall thinke

Her most vnbrideled loue and not my art

Hath brought her in to play this wretched part.

Scene 6. Corisca. Satir.

O I am dead. (*Sa.* And I aliue? (*Co.*) Ah turne
My *Amarillus*, turne againe, I taken am.

Sa. Tush *Amarillus* heares thee not, be quiet now.

Co. Oh me my heare. (*Sa.* I haue hunted thee so long
That at the last th'art false into my snare.

This is the roabe sister, this is the heare.

Co. Speake you to me *Satir*? (*Sa.*) I eu'n to thee.

Are you not that same famous *Corisca*, that

Excellent mistresse of lyes, that at so deare a rate

False

The faithfull Shepheard.

Falſe hopes, ſain'd lookes, and lying words doſt ſell,
That haſt betraied me ſo many waies perfidious *Coriſca*.

Co. I am *Coriſca* gentle *Satir*, but not now
So pleaſing to thine eyes as I haue bene,

Sa. I gentle wicked wretch, I was not ſo
When me thou leftſt to follow *Coridon*.

Co. I left thee for another. (*Sa.*) See, ſee a wonder,
This is newes indeed. But when I ſtole
Faſt *Lillies* bowe, *Clorus* ſcarfe, *Daphnes* rich roabe,
And *Siluias* buskins, then thou promiſt me
Thy loue thou gau'ſt another ſhould be my reward.
The daintie garland which I gaue to thee,
Thou gau'ſt to *Naius*. And when me thou mad'ſt
To watch ſo many froſtie nights both in
The caue, the woods, and by the riuer ſide,
And euer mockedſt me, was I not gentle then?
Beleeue me now thou ſhalt me pay for all.

Co. Thou ſtrangeliſt me as if I were a dogge.

Sa. Now ſee if thou canſt runne away againe.
Thy pollicies ſhall not auaille thee now.

If but thy head hold on t'is vaine to ſtrive.

Co. Good *Satir* giue me leaue to ſpeak to thee.

Sa. Speak then (*Co.*) How can I ſpeak? let me go:
Vpon my faith I will not runne away.

Sa. What faith oh faithleſſe woman haſt? Dar'ſt thou
Yet ſpeak of faith to me? Ile carry thee

Into the darkeſt caue this mountaine hath:
Where neuer Sunne nor humane ſteppe approach't,
Ile hide the reſt there thou with my delight
And with thy ſcorne ſhalt feele what I wil do with

Co. And canſt thou be ſo cruel to that haire (thee).
For which thou oſt haſt ſworne t'were ſweet to die,
And that thou couldeſt not ſuffer too much ill for me?
Oh heauens, oh fates, whom ſhall a woman truſt?

Sa. Ah wicked, thinkſt thou to deceiue me yet?
Canſt thou yet tempt me with thy ſubtilties?

Co. Oh gentle *Satir* do not make a ſcorpe
Of her that thee adores. If ſo thy hart

The faithfull Shepheard.

Be not of marble made, behold me at
Thy feete, if euer I offended thee (O Idole of
My soule) I pardon craue. By these same strong
And more then manlike knees which I embrace,
By that same loue thou sometime bar'st to me,
By that same sweetnesse which thou won't to draw
Thou said'st out of mine eyes calling them starres,
Now wretched fountaines of these bitter teares,
I pray thee pittie me, let me but go.

Sa. The wretch hath almost mou'd me, should I but trust
Affection onely I were ouercome.

But to be short, I wil not trust thee, strue no more.
For all this humblenesse thou art *Corisca* still.

Co. Oh me my head, stay yet do not deny
Me one poore fauour yer. (*Sa.*) What fauour's that?

Co. Heare me but once. (*Sa.*) Thou think'st with fained
And forged teares to mollifie my heart. (words)

Co. Ah curteous *Satir*, what wilt thou make of me?

Sa. Wee'le trie. (*Co.*) No pittie then? (*Sa.*) No pittie I.

Co. Art thou resolu'd of this? (*Sa.*) I am resolu'd.

Hast thou now made an end of all thy charmes?

Co. Oh villaine indiscreet, vnseasonable.

Halfe a man, halfe a goat, and all a beast:

Dryed *Carogne*, defect of wicked nature.

Dost thou belecue *Corisca* loues not thee?

It is most true. What should I loue in thee:

This goodly bunch of that beslaured beard,

These goatlike cares, that stinking toothlesse cane?

Sa. Oh witch are these to me? (*Co.*) These are to thee.

Sa. Ribald to me? (*Co.*) Halfe goat to thee. (*Sa.*) And do
Not I with these my hands thrust out thy bitches tongue?

Co. I if thou durst. (*Sa.*) A silly woman in my hands,
Dares braue me? dares despise me thus? Well I'll.

Co. Villaine what wilt thou do? (*Sa.*) Ile eate thee quick.

Co. Where be thy teeth? (*Sa.*) Oh heavens who can endure
I'll pay you home, come on. (*Co.*) I wil not come.

Sa. That will I see. (*Co.*) Spite of thy hart I will not.

Sa. Come on, wee'le see who hath the stronger, thou

The faithfull Shepheard.

The necke or I the armes. Nay soft and faire.
Well let vs see. (*Sa.*) Go too. (*Co.*) *Satir* hold fast.
Farewell, I would thy necke were broke. *Exu Co.*

Sa. O me my head, my backe, my side. Oh what
A fall is this? I scarce can turne my selfe.
And is she gone and left her head behind?
Vnusuall wonder. Nymphs and shepheards come,
Behold a witchcraft trick of one that's fled
And liues without a head! How light it is?
It hath no braines, there commeth out no blood.
Why looke I so? Oh foole she gone without a head,
Thou art without a head that seest not
How thou art mockt. Treacherous perfidious witch,
Is't not inough th'ast made thy hart to lie,
Thy face, thy words, thy laughter and thy lookes,
But that thy haire must lie. Poets behold
Your native gold, your amber pure, that you
So sondly praise, for shame your subiect chaunge,
In steed whereof sing me a witches subtiltie,
That robbeth sepulchres and rotten heads
To dresse her owne. As well you may go praise
Megeraes viprous monstrous haires. Louers
Behold, and be ashamed wretches now,
Make this the meanes your senses to recouer
That are insnar'd in such without more plaints.
But why stay I to publish out her shame?
This haire my tongue so famous made erewhile,
I will go proue to make againe as vile.

Fins Act. 2.

Chorus.

*Great was her fault and error sure,
That did occasion all our teene:
Who loues great lawes holy and pure
(Breaking her faith) did violate
And thereby did illuminate
The mortall rage of our immortall queene.*

That

The faithfull Shepheard.

That neither teares nor blood
Of many harmlesse soules haue done vs good,
So faulty to euery vertue roote
The ornament of euery soule well borne,
In heauen hath surely set his foote,
That worthily are faithlesse hold in scorne,
So nature truth would euer happie make,
Euen for the true almightie makers sake.
Blind mortalls you that haue so deep desire
To get and to possesse
A gilded carcasse of a painted tire,
That like a naked shadow walkes on still,
Seeking her sepulchre by gesse:
What lone, or rather fond will,
Hath witcht your hart dead beantie to pursue?
Rich treasures are lones follies found. The true
And lively lone is of the soule:
All other subiects want what lone requires,
Therefore they not deserue these amorous desires.
The soule because it onely loues againe,
Is onely worthie of this louing paine.
It is a pretie thing to kisse
The delicate vermillion Rose
Of some faire cheek, they that haue prou'd that blisse
(Right happie Louers) so will say. Yet those
Will say againe kisses are dead and vaine,
Where beantie kist restores it not againe.
The strokes of two inamour'd lips are those
Where mouth on mouth lones sweetest vengeance shoves,
Those are true kisses where with equall wills
We euer giue and take againe our fills.
Kisse but a curious mouth, a daintie hand,
A breast, a brow, or what you can demand,
You will confesse no part in woman is,
Sane for sweet mouth that doth deserue a kisse,
By which two soules with luely spirits meet,
Making liue rubres kindly entergreet,
So mongst themselues those sowly sprighfull kisses

The faithfull Shepheard.

*Do enter. Speake, and in a little sowne
Great things bewray, and sweetest secret blisses
To others hidden, to themselves well knowne.
Such ioy, may such sweet life death lining prone,
Soule knit to soule by th' earthly knot of loue,
Kisses that kisses meet, do paint vnmon'd,
Th' incommers of in a hart, lining below'd.*

Scene I. Mirtillo.

O Spring, the gentle childhood of the yeare,
Mother of floures, fresh hearbs, & fresh desires,
Thou turn'st againe, but with thee do not turne
The happie dayes of my delightfull ioyes:
Thou turnst, thou turnst, but with thee turnst nought else:
Save of the losse of my deare treasures lorne,
The miserable wretched memorie.
Thou art the same thou wert, so fresh, so faire,
But I am not as I was wont to be,
So deare to other eyes. Oh bitter sweets of loue,
Much worse t'is to leese you once possesse,
Then neuer to haue you enioy'd at all,
Much like the griefe to chaunge a happie state.
The memorie of any good that wastis,
Consumes it selfe as th' other is consum'd.
But if my hopes be not as is their vse,
Of brittle glasse, or that my deep desire
Make not my hope much greater then the truth,
Here shall I see the sun-beames of mine eyes.
Here if I be not mockt I shall her see
Stay her quick feete at sound of my lament.
Here shall my greedie eyes after long fast
Receiue sweet tooke from her diuine lookes.
Here will she turne her son'raigne lights on mee,
If not gentle, yet cruell will they bee.
If not the meanes to breed mine inward ioy,
So fierce, yet as I die to mine annoy.
O happie day sigh'd for long time in vaine,

The faithfull Shepheard.

If after times so clouded with complaints
Loue thou dost graunt me sight of her faire eies,
I meane made bright as is the morning Sun,
Hither *Ergasto* sent me, where he said
Corisca and my beaucous *Amarillo*
Would be together playing at blind man buffe:
Yet here see I none blind, saue my blind will,
That wandring seekes her sight by other meanes
But findes it not. O poyson to my food,
This long delay blindeth my heart with feare.
My cruell destiny will neuer chaunge.
Each houre, each moment that a Louer staies
Expecting his contentment, seemes a world.
But who doth know? perhaps I staid too long,
And here *Corisca* hath attended mee.
Ay me! If this be true, then welcome death.

Scē. 2. Amarillis. Mirtillo. (horns of Nymphs. Corisca.

BEhold the buffe! (*Ms.*) Behold indeed! ah sight.
Am. Why stay ye now? (*Mir.*) Ah voice that hast at once

Both wounded me and healed me againe?

Am. Where be ye? what do ye? *Lissetta* you
That so desir'd this sport, where are you now?
Where is *Corisca*? and where be the rest?

Mir. Now may't be truly said that loue is blinde,
And hath a scarfe that bindeth vp his eyes.

Ama. Come list to me! guide me cleare of these
There set me in the plaine, you round about (trees,
A circle make and so begin the play.

Mir. What shall I do? I see not how this sport
Can do me good, nor I *Corisca* see that is
The load-starre of my hopes. Heauens aide me.

Am. Why are ye come? think ye nought else to do
But blind mine eies? Where are ye let's begin?

Cho. Nim. Blind loue I do not trust to thee,
That makes desires full of obscuritie.
Thou hast small sight and lesser troath,

The faithfull Shepheard.

*Unhappy they that trust thine oath,
Blind or not blind thou temptest in vaine,
For I can shew me in this plaine,
Blind thou dost see through Arons eyes,
Blind thou best sighted safely ties.
Now that I am at libertie,
I were a foole to trust to thee.
In iest nor earnest I'le not stay,
Because thou wilt when thou dost play.*

Am. But ye play too far off, ye should touch me.

Mir. O mightie Gods! what do I see? am I
In heauen or earth? y'haue no such harmonie.

Co. Nim. But you that blind and faithlesse prone,
That calleth me to play this houre,
Behold I play, and with my hand
Hit your backe and by you stand.
I play and round about you run,
And for I trust not you I shun.
Here am I now and there againe,
Whilst you take me strine in vaine.
The reason is my hart is free,
Therefore you cannot handle mee.

Ama. I thought I had *Licoris* caught, and I
Haue got a tree. I heare you laugh full well.

Mir. Oh would I were that tree. Methinkes I see *Corisca*
Hidden in yonder shrubs, she nods to mee,
Tis eu'n she, she beckens still to mee.

Cho. Nim. Free harts haue ever feet to fly,
And so (enticing powre) haue I.
Yet will you tempt me in to traine?
In faith (sweet) no: 't's all in vaine.
The reason is my hart is free,
Therefore you cannot handle mee.

Ama. I would this tree were burn'd, now had I thought
I had *Eliſa* ta'en. (*Mir.*) Yet doth *Corisca* point,
She threatens me, sh' would haue me put my selfe
Among these Nymphes. (*Ama.*) Belike thus I all day
Must play with trees. (*Co.*) I must spire of my hart

The faithfull Shepheard.

Go out and speake. Why staist thou fearfull wretched
Vntill she come into thy armes? let her take thee,
Giue me thy dart (foole) go and meet with her.

Mir. How ill agree my hart with my desire?
Th'one dares so little, th'other seekes so much.

Ama. T'is time I turne againe vnto the sport,
I almost weary am. Eie, fie: you make
Me run too much, in faith y'are too blame.

Cho. Nim. Now looke about triumphant powre,
That the worlds tribute dost denoure.

Now bearest thou mocks and many a bat,
And like an Owle th'art wondred at.

About whom, birds flicke thicke and round,
Vt hit: them she strues in vaine to wound.

So art thou lone this instant tide

Laught at and mockt on euery side.

Some hit thy backe, and some thy face,

Sparing thee neither time nor place.

It will not boote thee spread thy wings,

Nor that thy pinions whistling sung.

Catch how thou wilt thou getst not mee,

The reason is my hart is free.

(*Amarillis* takes *Mirtillo* now.)

Him thou hast caught it is no wonder,

For lone holds all his fences vnder. *Exeunt Cho. Nim.*

See. 3. Amarillis. Mirtillo. Corisca.

IN faith *Anglaura* I haue caught you now.

Will you be gone? nay soft Ile hold you fast.

Co. Trust me had I not vnawares to him

Thrust him on her, this labour had bene lost.

Ama. What not a word? are you she or not she?

Co. Here do I take this dart, and in this groue

I turne me to obserue what followeth.

Ama. So now I know *Corisca* are you not?

T'is so you are so great and haue no haire,

I could haue wishd no better match then this.

And

The faithfull Shepherd.

And since you t'ide me, do vntie me too,
Quickly my hart, and I will pay thee with
The sweetest kisse thou euer hadst. Why stais't?
Me thinkes your hands do shake. Put to your teeth,
If with your nailes you cannot do the deed.
How tedious y'are? Let me alone,
My selfe will rid me of this trouble soone:
But see how many knots haue made me sure.
Ah that I may but make you play this part.
So now I see. Ay me what do I see?
Let me alone (traytor) ay wretched me.

Mir. Stand stil my soule. (*Am.*) Let me alone I say,
Dare you thus offer force to Nimphs *Aglaure*,
Elisa treachours where are you become?
Let me alone. (*Mir.*) Behold I let you go.

Ama. This is *Coriscaes* craft, well keep you that
Which you haue not deseru'd. (*Mir.*) Why flie you hence?
(*Cruell*) behold my dearth, behold this dart
Shall pierce my woful brest. (*Am.*) What wil you do?

Mir. That which perhaps grieues you (most cruell
That any else beside your selfe should do. (*Nimph.*

Am. Oh me, me thinkes I am halfe dead.

Mir. But if this worke belong alone to you,
Behold my brest, here take this fatall dart.

Ama. Death you haue merited. But tell me who
Hath made you boldly thus presume? (*Mi.*) My loue

Ama. Loue is no cause of any villain-act.

Mi. Loue trust me t'was in me. I made me respec-
And since you first lajd hold on me lesse cause (true:
You haue to call my action villanie.

Yea eu'n when I by so commodious meanes
Might be made bold to vse the lawes of loue,
Yet did I quake a Louer to be found.

Ama. Cast not my blind deeds in my teeth I pray.

Mir. My much more loue makes me more blind then you.

Ama. Prayers and fine conceits, not snares and thefts,
Discreetest Louers vse. (*Mir.*) As sauadge beast
With hunger hunted, from the woods breakes forth

And

The faithfull Shepheard.

And doth assaile the straunger on his way,
So I that onely by your beauteous eyes
Do liue: since that sweet foode me haue forbad,
Either your crueltie or else my fate
A starued Louer issuing from those woods
Where I haue suffered long and wretched fast,
Haue for my health assaid this stratageme
Which loues necessitie vpon me thrust.
Now blame not me (Nymph cruell) blame your selfe,
For praiers and conceits true loues discretion
As you them call, you not attend from me,
You haue bereau'd with shunning me the meanes
To loue discreetly. (*Ama.*) Discreetly might you to
To leaue to follow that which flies you so, (do
In vaine you know you do pursue me still.
What is't you seeke of me? (*Mir.*) Onely one time
Daine but to heare me, ere I wretched die.

Ama. T's well for you, the fauour that you aske
You haue already had: now get you hence.

Mir. Ah Nymph that which I haue already said,
Is but a drop of that huge ample sea
Of my complaints, if not for pittie sake,
Yet for your pleasure now heare (cruell) but
The latest accents of a dying voice.

Ama. To ease your mind and me this cumber rid,
I graunt to heare you, but with this condition,
Speake small, part soone, and neuer turne againe.

Mir. In too too small a bundle (cruell Nymphe)
You do commaund me binde my huge desires,
Which measure, but by thought nought could con-
That I you loue, and loue more then life, (taine:
If you deny to know, aske but these woods
And they will tell, and tell you with them will
Their beasts, their trees & stones of these great rocks
Which / so oft haue tender made to melt
At sound of my complaints. But what make I
Such prooffe of loue where such rare beautie is?
See but how many beauteous things the skies containe,

The faithfull Shepheard.

How many dresse the earth in braue attire:
Thence shall you see the force of my desire.
For as the waters fall, the fire doth rise,
The ayre doth flie, the earth lies firmly still,
And all these same the skies do compasse round.
Eu'n so to you as to their chiefest good,
My soule doth flie, and my poore thoughts do run
With all affection to your louely beauties:
He that from their deare object would them turne,
Might first rurne from their visuall course the skies,
The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
And quite remooue the earth from off his seate.
But why commaund you me to speake but small?
Small shall I tell, if I but tell you shall
That I must die, and lesse shall dying doo,
If I but see what is my ruine too.
Ay me, what shall I do? which may out-last
My miserable loue? When I am dead,
Yet cruell soule haue pitie on my paines.
Ah faire! ah deare! sometime so sweete a cause
Why I did liue whilst my good fates were pleas'd.
Turne hitherward those starry lights of loue,
Let me them see once meeke and full of pitie
Before I die. So may my death be sweet.
As they haue bene good guides vnto my life,
So let them be vnto my death, and that
Sweet looke which first begat my loue, beget
My death: let my loues *Hesperus* become
The eu'ning starre of my decaying day.
But you obdurate, neuer pitie feele,
Whilst I more humble, you more haughtie are.
And can you heare me and not speake a word?
Whom do I speake too (wretch) a marble stone?
If you will say nought else, yet bid me die,
And you shall see what force your words will haue.
Ah wicked loue, this is a miserie extreme,
A Nymphe so cruell so desirous of my death,
Because I aske it as a fauour, scorne to giue it,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Arming her cruell voyce in silence so,
Least it might fauour mine exceeding wo.

Ama. It I as well to answere as to heare,

You promis'd had, iust cause you might haue found
To haue condemn'd my silence for vniust.

You call me cruell, imagining perhaps
By that reproofe more easly to draue
Me to the contrary. No know (*Mirtillo*)

I am no more delighted with the sound

Of that deservlesse and disliked praise

You to my beautie giue, then discontent

To heare you call me cruell and vniust.

I graunt this crueltie to any else a fault,

But to a louer vertue t's and honestie,

Which in a woman you call crueltie.

But be it as you wou'd blame-worthy fault,

To be vnkinde to one that loues. Tell me,

When was *Amarillis* cruell vnto you?

Perhaps when reason would not giue me leaue

To vse this pitie: yet how I it vs'd

Your selfe can iudge, when you from death I sau'd:

I meane when you among a noble sort of maides,

A lustfull Louer in a womans cloathes

Banded your selfe, and durst contaminate

Their purest sports, mingling mong kisses innocent,

Kisses lasciuious and impure: which to remember

I am asham'd. But heauens my witnesse are,

I knew you not, and after I you knew,

I scornd your deed, and kept my soule vntoucht

From your lasciuiousnesse, not suffering at all

The venome there to runne to my chaste heart.

You violated nothing saue th' our side

Of these my lips. A mouth kist but by force

Spits out the kisse, and kills the shame withall.

But tell me you, what fruite had you receiu'd

Of your rash theft, had I discovered you

Vnto those Nymphes? The *Thracian Orseus* had not bene

So lamentably torne on *Ebers* banks

The faithfull Shepheard.

Of *Bacchus* dames as you had bene of them,
Had not you help't, her pittie whom you cruell call.
That pittie which was fit for me to giue, I euer gaue:
For other t'is in vaine you either aske or hope:
If you me loue, then loue mine honestie,
My safetie loue, and loue my life withall.
Thou art too farre from that which thou desir'st,
The heauens forbid, the earth contraries it,
Death is the punishment thereof. And aboue all
Mine honestie desies forbidden acts:
Then with a safer keeper of her honours floure,
A soule well-borne will euer scorne to haue.
Then rest in peace (*Mirilla*) giue ore this suite,
Get thee farre hence to liue if thou art bee't wise.
T'abandon life for peeuish griefe or smart,
Is not the action of a valiant hart.

From that which pleaseth vertue, t'is t'abstaine,
It that which pleaseth breeds offence againe.

Mir. To saue ones life is not within his power,
That hath his soule forsaken and giu'n ore.

Ama. One arm'd in vertue conquereth all desire.

Mir. Vertue small conquest gets where loue tryumphes.

Ama. Who cannot what he would will he what he can.

Mir. Oh loues necessitie no lawes endures.

Ama. Distance of place may heale your wound againe.

Mir. In vaine one flies from that his hart doth harbour.

Ama. A new desire an old will quite displace.

Mir. Had I another hart, another soule.

Ama. Time will at last clearly this loue consume.

Mir. I after loue hath quite consum'd my life.

Ama. Why then your wounds will not be cur'd at all?

Mir. Neuer till death. (*Ama.*) Till death? well heare mee

And looke my words be lawes vnto your deeds. (now,

How bee't I know to die is the more vsuall voice

Of an inamour'd tongue, then a desire

Or firme conceit his soule hath entertain'd,

Yet if by chaunce such a straunge folly hath

Possess't thy minde, know then thy death will be

Death

The faithfull Shepheard.

Death to mine honour as vnto thy life.
Now if thou lou'st me, liue and let it be
A token of thy wit henceforth thou shalt
To see me, or to seeke my company.

Mir. O cruell sentence! can I without life
Liue thinke you then? Or can I without death
Find end vnto my torment and my grieve?

Ama. Well now 'tis time you go (*Mirtillo*) hence!
You'll stay too long. Go comfort your selfe,
That infinit the troupe of wretched Louers is.
All wounds do bring with them their seuerall paine,
Nor can you onely of this loue complaine.

Mir. Among these wretches I am not alone: but yet
A miserable spectacle am onely I,
Of dead and liuing, nor can liue nor die.

Ama. Well go your waies. (*Mir.*) Ah sad departure,
End of my life, go I from you, and do not die?
And yet I feele the verie pangs of death,
That do giue life vnto mine extasie,
To make my hart immortally to die.

Scene 4. Amarillis.

O *Mirtillo*! oh my dearest soule
Could'st thou but see into her hart whom thou
Call'st cruell *Amarillis*, then wouldst thou say
Thou hadst that pittie which thy hart desires.
Oh mindes too much infortunate in loue!
What bootes it thee my hart to be belou'd?
What bootes it me to haue so deare a Loue?
Why should the cruell fates so disvnite
Who loue conioines? and why should traiterous loue
Conioyne them whom the destenies do part?
Oh happie sauadge beasts whom nature giues
No lawes in loue, saue verie loue it selfe.
Inhumane humane lawe, that punish't
This loue with death, if't be so sweet to sin,
And not to sin so necessary bee,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Imperfect nature that repugneth law,
Or law too hard that nature doth offend.
But tush, she loues too little that feares death,
Would gods death were the worst that's due to sin.
Deare chastitie, th'inviolable powre
Of soules well-borne that haue my amorous will
Retain'd in chaines of holy rigour still:
To thee I consecrate my harmlesse sacrifice.
And thou my soule (*Mirtillo*) pardon me,
That cruell am where I should piteous bee.
Pardon her that in lookes and onely words
Doth seeme thy foe, but in my heart thy friend.
If thou wouldst be reueng'd, what greater paine
Wouldst thou inflict, then this my cruel griefe?
Thou art my heart, and shalt bespise of heauen
And earth, when thou dost plaine & sigh, and weep,
Thy teares become my blood, thy sighes my breath:
And all thy paines they are not onely thine,
For I them feelee, and they are turned mine.

See. 5. *Corisca. Amarillis.*

Hide you no more my *Amarillis* now.
Ama. Wretch I discovered am. (*Co.*) I all haue
Be not afraid, did I not say I lou'd you, (heard,
And yet you are afraid? and hides your selfe
From her that loues you so. Why do you blush?
This blushing is a common fault.

Ama. Corisca I am conquer'd I confesse.

Co. That which you cannot hide you wil confesse.

Ama. And now I see too weake a thing doth proue

A womans heart t' encounter mightie loue.

Co. Cruel vnto *Mirtillo*, but more cruel to your selfe.

Ama. It is no crueltie that springs of pitie.

Co. *Cicute* and *Aconite* do grow from holisome rootes.

I see no difference twixt this crueltie

That doth offend, and pitie helping not.

Ama. Ah me *Corisca!* (*Co.*) These sighes good sister

Are

The faithfull Shepheard.

Are but weakenesse of your heart. Th'are fit
For women of small worth. (*Ama.*) I could not be
Thus cruell but I should loue cherish hopelessly.
Therefore to shun him shewes I haue compassion
Of his ill and mine. (*Co.*) Why hopelessly?

Ama. Do you not know I am espow'd to *Siluius*,
And that the law each woman doomes to death
That violates her faith? (*Co.*) Oh simple foole,
Is this the let? Which is more auncient among vs,
Dianaes lawe or loues? this in our breasts
Is bred and growes with vs, *Nature* her selfe
With her owne hands imprints in our hearts breasts:
And where this law commands, both heau'n & earth

Ama. But if the other law do take my life, (obey.
How can loues lawe restore it me againe?

Co. You are too nice, were eu'ry woman so,
Had all such straight respects. Good times farewell,
Small practisers are subiect to this paine.
The lawe doth neuer stretch vnto the wise:
Beleeue me should blame-worthy all be slaine,
The countre then would soone prooue womanlesse.
It needfull was, theft should forbidden bee
To them that closely could not couer theft.
This honestie is but an art to seeme so,
Let others as they list beleeue, Ile thinke so still.

Ama. These are but vanities (*Corisca*) t'were best
Quickly to leaue that which we cannot hold.

Co. And who forbid, thee foole? This life's too short
To passe it ouer with one onely loue:
Men are too sparing of their fauours now,
(Whether't be for want, or else for frowardnesse)
The fresher that we are, the dearer still:
Beaurie and youth once gone w'are like Bee hiues
That hath no honey, no nor yet no waxe.
Let men prate on they do not feele our woes,
For their condition differs much from ours,
The elder that they grow, they grow the perfecter:
If they loose beaurie, yet they wisedome gaine:

But

The faithfull Shepheard.

But when our beautie fades that oftentimes
Conquers their greatest witts, strait fadeth all our
There cannot be a vilder thing to see (good,
Then an old woman. Therfore ere thou age attaine,
Know me thy selfe, and vse it as thou shouldst.
What were a Lion worth did he not vse his strength?
What's a mans wit worth that lies idly by?
Eu'n so our beautie proper strength to vs,
As force to Lyons, wisdom vnto men,
We ought to vse whilst it we haue. Time flies
Away and yeares come on, our youth once lost
We like cut flowres neuer grow fresh againe.
And to our hoary haire loue well may runne,
But Louers will our wrinkled skinnies still shunne.

Ama. Thou speakest this (*Corisca*) me to trie,
Not as thou think'st I am sure. But be assur'd
Except thou show'st some meanes how I may shun
This marriage bonds, my thought's irreuocable,
And I resolued am rather to die
Then any way to spot my chastitie.

Co. I haue not scene so obstinate a foole,
But since you are resolu'd I am agreed.
But tell me do you thinke your *Silvio* is
As true a friend to faith as you to chastitie?

Ama. Thou mak'st me smile. *Silvio* a friend to
How can that be? hee's enemy to loue. (faith?

Co. *Silvio* an enemy to loue? O'foole,
These that are nice put thou no trust in them:
Loues theft is neuer so securely done
As hidden vnder vaile of honestie,
Thy *Silvio* loues (good *Sister*) but not thee.

Ama. What goddesse is she? for she cannot bee
A mortall wight that lighted hath his loue.

Co. Nor goddesse, nor a Nymph. (*Ama.*) What do you tell?

Co. Know you *Lissetta*? (*Ama.*) She that your cattell keeps?

Co. Eu'n she. (*Ama.*) Can it be true? (*Co.*) That same's his

Ama. Sure hee's prouided of a daintie Loue. (hart.

Co. Each day he faines that he on hunting goes.

Ama.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ama. I eu'ry morning heare his curfed horne.

Co. About noone-time when others busie are,
He his companions shuns, and comes alone
By a backe way, vnto my garden there,
Where a shadow hedge doth close it in,
There doth she heare his burning sighes his vowes,
And then she tells me all, and laughs at him.
Now heare what I thinke good to doo. Nay I
Haue don't for you already. You know the law
That tyes vs to our faith, doth giue vs leaue
Finding our spowes in the act of perfidie,
Spite of our friends the marriage to denie,
And to provide vs of an other if we list.

Ama. That know I well, I haue examples two,
Lemcipp to *Ligurine*, *Armillia* to *Turingo*,
Their faith once broke, they tooke their owne again.

Co. Now heare! *Lisetta* by my appointment hath
Promist to meet th'vnwary Louer here
In this same Caue, and now he is the best
Contented youth that liues, attending but the houre
There would I haue you take him. He be there
To beare you witnesse oft'r, for else we worke
In vaine, so are you free from this same noisome knot
Both with your honour, and your fathers too.

Ama. Oh braue inuentiō, good *Corisca* what's to do?

Co. Obserue my words. In midst of this same caue
Vpon the right hand is a hollow stone,
I know not if by Art or nature made,
A litle Caue all linde with Iuy leaues,
To which a litle hole aloft giues light,
A fit and thankfull receptacle for loues theft.
Preuent their comming and attend them there:
He halte *Lisetta* forward, and as soone
As I perceiue your *Silvio* enter, so will I:
Step you to her, and as the custome is,
Weele carry both vnto the Priest, and there dissolue
This marriage knot. (*Ama.*) What to his father?

Co. What matter's that? Think you *Montanus* dare

The faithfull Shepheard.

His priuate to a publike good compare :

Ama. Then closing vp mine eyes, I let my selfe
Be ledde by thee my deare, my faithfull guide.

Co. But do not stay now, enter me betime.

Ama. Ile to the Temple first, and to the Gods
My prayers make, without whose aide no happy end
Can euer sort to mortall enterprife.

Co. All places (*Amarillis*) temples are,
To hearts deuout, you'le slacke your time too much.

Ama. Time's neuer lost in praying vnto them
That do commaund the time. (*Co.*) Go then dispatch.

Now if I erre not, am I at good passe,
Onely this staying troubles me, yet may it helpe,
I must goe make new snares to traine in *Coridon*.

Ile make him thinke that I will meet him there,
And after *Amarillis* send him soone,

Then by a secret way Ile bring *Dianæes* Priests:
Her shall they finde, and guiltie doome to death.

My riual gone (*Mirtillo*) sure is mine,
See where he comes. Whilst *Amarillis* staves
Ile somewhat trie him. Loue now once inspire
My tongue with words, my face with heau'nly fire.

See. 6. Mirtillo. Corisca.

Here weeping sprights of hell new torments heare,
New sorts of paine, a cruell mind behold
Included in a looke most mercifull,
My loue more fierce then the infernall pit,
Because my death cannot suffice to glut
Her greedie will, and that my life is but
A multitude of deaths commaund me liue,
That to them all my life might liuing giue.

Co. Ile make as though I heard him not, I heare
A lamentable voyce plaine hereabouts,
I wonder who it is, oh my *Mirtillo*.

Mir. So would I were a naked shade or dust.

Co. How feeble you now your selfe after your long

Discourse.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Discourse with your so dearely loued Nymph?

Mir. Like a weake sick man that hath long desir'd
Forbidden drinke, at last gets it vnto his mouth
And drinks his death, ending at once both life & thirst.
So I long sicke, burn't and consumed in
This amorous drought, frō two faire fountains that
Ice do distill from out a rockie braine
Of an indurate heart,
Haue drunke the poyson that my life will kill,
Sooner then halfe of my desire fulfill.

Co. So much more mightie waxeth loue as from
Our hearts the force is he receiues (deare *Mirtillo*)
For as the Beare is wont with licking to giue shape
To her mishapen brood, that else were helplesse borne.
Eu'n so a Louer to his bare desire,
That in the birth was shapelesse, weake and fraile,
Giuing but forme and strength begitteth loue:
Which whilst t'is young and tender, then t'is sweet,
But waxing to more yeares, more cruell growes,
That in the end (*Mirtillo*) an mueterate affect
Is euer full of anguish and defect.
For whilst the mind on one thought onely beates,
It waxeth thicke by being too much fixt.
So loue that should be pleasure and delight,
Is turn'd to malancholy, and what worser is,
It proues at last, or death, or madnesse at the least:
Wherefore wise is that heart that often changeth loue.

Mir. Ere I change will or thought, chang'd must my life
Be into death, for though the beautilous *Amarillis*
Be most cruell, yet is she all my life:
Nor can this bodies bulke at once containe
More then one heart, mote then one soule retaine.

Co. O wretched shepheard, ill thou knowst to vse
Loue in his kind, loue one that hates thee, one
That flies from thee, fie man, I had rather die.

Mir. As gold in fire, so faith in griefe's refine,
Nor can (*Corsica*) amorous constancie
Shewe his great power, but thorough crueltie.

The faithfull Shepheard.

This onely rests amongst my many griefes.
My sole content doth my heart burne or die,
Or languish ne're so much, light are the paines,
Plaints, torments, sighes, exile, and death it selfe,
For such a cause, for such a sweet respect.
That life before my faith shall broken bee,
So worse then death I hold inconstancie.

Co. O braue exploit, Louer magnanimous,
Like an enraged beast or sencelesse rocke,
There cannot be a greater damned plague,
More mortall poyson to a soule in loue,
Then is this faith. Vnhappie is that heart
That let it selfe be guld with vaine fantasmes
Of this erronious and vnseasonable
Disturber of these amorous delights. (constancie,
Tell me poore man with this thy foolish vertue of
What lou'st thou in her that doth thee despise?
Lou'st thou the beautie that is none of thine?
The ioy thou hast not? the pittie thou want'st?
The reward thou dost not hope for? if thou deem'st
Thou lou'st thine ill, thy grief, thy very death, (right,
Th'art mad to hunt thus that thou canst not haue.
Lift vp thy selfe (*Mirtillo*) happily thou want'st
Some choise of friends, thou finds none to thy mind.

Mir. More deare to me is paine for *Amarillis*,
Then any ioy a thousand else can giue:
If me my fates forbid her to enioy,
For me then die all other kinds of ioy.
I fortunate in any other kinde of loue?
No though I would I could not:
Nor though I could I would not.
And if I thought in any time henceforth
My will would wish or power obtaine the same,
I would desire of heau'n and loue at once
Both will and power might quite be ta'ne away.

Co. Wilt thou then die for her that thee disdaines?

Mir. Who pitie not expects doth feare no paines.

Co. Do not deceiue thy selfe, perhaps thou think'st

The faithfull Shepheard.

Shee doth dissemble in this deepe despight,
And that she loues thee well for all this shewe.
Oh that thou knewst what vnto me shee euer sayes.

Mir. All these are trophees of my truest faith,
With which I will triumph ouer her cruell will,
Ouer my paines, and my distressed chance,
Ouer worlds fortune, and ouer death it selfe.

Co. (What would he do, did he but know her loue?)
How I bewaile thee wretched phrensie man:
Tell me didst thou e're any loue besides?

Mir. She was my first, and she my last shall be.

Co. For ought that I can see you neuer try'd
Loue but in cruell moodes, but in disdaine.
Oh if you had but prou'd him one time kind,
Proue him but so, & you shal see how sweet a thing
It is to enioy a gratefull Nymph; shee'l'e you adore,
Shee'l'e make your *Amarillis* bitter to your taste.
How deare a thing it is wholly to haue
What you desire, and be nought bard thereof.
Here your Nymph sigh to coole your scalding sighs,
And after say (my decree) all that you see is yours.

If I be faire, I am onely faire for you:
Onely for you I cherish these my cheekes,
My lockes, my brest, your deare hearts onely lodge.
But this (alas) is but a brooke to that
Great Sea of sweets which we in loue might taste,
Which none can vtter saue by prooffe. (borne.

Mir. Thousand times blest that vnder such a star is

Co. Here me (*Mirtillo*) how like I was to haue said
My heart a Nymph as gentle as the winde
Doth blow vpon with haire of glistering gold,
As worthy of your loue as you of hers,
Praise of these woods, loue of a thousand hearts,
By worthy youthes in vaine sollicitied,
You onely loues more then her heart, her life,
If you be wise do not dispise her then.
She like a shadow to thy selfe will be,
A faithfull follower of thy footsteps euer,

The faithfull Shepheard.

One at thy word, obedient at thy becke,
All houres of day and night at thy commaund.
Do not forsake this rare aduenture then,
No pleasure in this earth so sweet as this,
It will not cost a teare, no not a sigh,
A ioy accommodated to thy will,
A sweetnesse temp' red sweetly to thy taste,
Is't not a treasure worth the hauing (man)?
Leaue then the feet of flying hopelesse trace,
And her that followes thee, scorne not t' embrace.
I feed you not with hopes of vanitie,
If you desire to see her, you shall see her straight.

Mir. My hart's no subiect for these loues delights.

Co. Proue it but once, and then returne againe
Vnto thy solitary griefe, so may'st thou see
What are those ioyes that in loues pleasures bee.

Mir. A taste corrupted, pleasant things abhors.

Co. Be not you cruel yet to rob her life,
That on your eye depends, you know what t'is
To beg with pouertie, if you desire
Pitie your selfe, do it not her denie.

Mir. What pitie can he giue that none can get?
In summe I am resolu'd whilst here I liue,
To keepe my faith to her how ere she proue,
Cruell or pitiful! or how she will.

Co. (Oh truly blind, vnhappy sencelesse man)
To whom preferu'st thou faith? trust me I am loth
T'augment thy griefe, but for the loue I beare thee
I cannot choose. Thinkst *Amarillis* is vnkind
For zeale she to religion beares?

Or vnto chastitie? Thou art a foole,
The roome is occupied and thou must weepe
Whilst others laugh. What? now th'art dumbe.

Mir. Now stands my life in midst twixt life and death,
Whilst I in doubt do stand, if to belecue,
Or not belecue, this makes me so amaz'd.

Co. You'le not belecue me then? (*Mir.*) Oh if I do,
Straight shall you see my miserable end.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Co. Liue wretched man, liue and reuenged bee.

Mir. Oh no it is not true, it cannot bee.

Co. Well theres no remedie, I must rehearse

That which will vex thy heart. Seest thou that caue?

That is the true custodian of her faith

And her religion. There thee to scorne she laughs,

There with thy torments doth she sauce the ioyes

Of thy thrife happie riuall. There to be plaine

Thy faithfull *Amarillis* oft is wont

To dally in the armes of a base shepheard slaue.

Go sigh, preferue thy faith, there's thy reward.

Mir. Dost thou tell true *Corisca*? may I beleue thee?

Co. The more thou seek'st, the worse thou findest still.

Mir. But hast thou seene this thing *Corisca*?

Co. I haue not seen't, yet may'st thou if thou wilt,

For euen this day is order ta'ne this houre,

That they may meete. Hide thee but somewhere here,

And thou shalt see her first go in, then he.

Mir. Then comes my death. (Co.) See where she comes,

Softly descending by the Temples way. Seest thou her?

Do not her stealing feete bewray her stealing heart?

Attend thou here and thou shalt see th'effect.

Mir. Since I am here, the truth I now will see,

Till then, my life and death suspended bee.

See. 7. *Amarillis.*

LEt neuer mortall enterprise be ta'ne in hand
Without this heauenly counsell, halfe confusde
And doubtfull was my heart when I went hience

Vnto the Temple, whence thanks be to heauen,

I do well comforted, and well dispos'd returne

Me thought to my pure prayers and deuour,

I felt a spright celestiaall mooue within me

Hartning my thoughts, that as it were did say,

What fear'st thou *Amarillis*? be assur'd.

So will I goe assur'd, heau'ns be my guide,

Fauour faire Mother of loue her pure desseignes,

That

The faithfull Shepheard.

That on thy succour onely doth depend.
Queene of the triple skie if e're thou prou'dst
Thy sunnes hotte fire, take pittie then of mine.
Guide hither curteous goddesse that same swaine
With swift and subtile feet that hath my faith.
And thou deare Caue into thy bosome take
Me, loues handmaid, and giue me leaue there to
Accomplish my desires. Why do I stay?
Here's none doth see or heare. Enter secure.
Oh *Mirtillo*, couldst thou but dream to find me here.

See. 8. Mirtillo.

WHat am I blind, or do I too much see?
Ah had I but bene borne without these eyes,
Or rather not at all had I bene borne.
Did spitefull fates reserue me thus aliue
To let me see so bad, so sad a sight?
Mirtill thy torments passe the paines of hell.
No: doubt no more: suspend not thy beliefe,
Thine eies, thine eares, haue seene, haue heard it true.
Thy loue an other owne not by the lawe
Of earth, that bindes her vnto any one,
But by loues lawe that tyes her sole to thee.
O cruell *Amarillis*, wa'st not inough
To kill me wretch, but thou must scorne me too?
That faithlesse mouth that sometime grac't my ioies,
Did vomit out my hatefull name, because
She would not haue it in her heart to be
A poore partaker of her pleasures sweet.
Why stay'st thou now? she that did giue me life
Hath ta'n't away, and giu'n't an other man:
Yet wretch thou liu'st, thou dost not die. O die
Mirtillo, die to thy tormenting griefe,
As to thy ioy thou art alreadie dead.
Die dead *Mirtillo*, finish't is thy life.
Finish thy torment too: fleet wretched soule
Through this foure constrain'd and wayward death:

The faythfull Shepheard.

Tis for thy greater ill that thus thou liust.
But what? And must I die without reuenge?
First will I make him die that giues me death:
Desire to liue so long I will retaine
Till iustly I haue that Vsurper slaine.
Yeeld Griefe vnto Reuenge: Pittie to Rage,
Death vnto life, till with my life I haue
Reueng'd the death, another guiltles gaue.
This Steele shall not drinke mine vnuenged blood,
My hand shall rage ere it shall pittieous bee.
What ere thou art that ioyst my comfortes all,
I'll make thee feele thy ruine in my fall.
Ple place me heere eu'n in this very Groue,
And as I see him but approach the Caue,
This Dart shall sodaine wound him in his side.
It shalbe cowardlike to strike him thus,
Ple challenge him to single combat, I:
Not so; for to this place so knowne and vsd,
Shepheards may come to hinder vs, and worse:
May search the cause that moou'd me to this fight,
Which to deny were wickednesse to faigne,
Will make me faythlesse held: and to discouer,
Will blot her name with endlesse infamie:
In whom albeit I like not what I see,
Yet what I lou'd I do, and euer shall.
But what hope I to see, th'adul'terer die?
That robd her of her honor, me my life?
But if I kill him, shall not then his blood
Be to the world a token of this deed?
Why feare I death? since I desire to die.
But then this murder once made plaine, makes plaine
The cause whereby she shall incurre that infamie:
Ple enter then this Caue, and so assayle him,
I so, that pleaseth me: Ple steale in softly,
So that she shall not heare me. I beloeue
That in the secrett and the closest part
I gather by her wordes I shall her finde,
Therefore I will not enter in too faire.

The faythfull Shepheard.

A hollow hole there is made in a Rocke,
The leet file couer'd all with Yvie leaues;
Beneath th'other ascent there will I stand,
And time attend t'effect what I desire;
Pie beare my dead foe to my lyuing foe;
Thus of them both I shalbe well reueng'd:
Then with this selfe same Dart Ile pierce this brest,
So shall there be three pier't without reliefe,
First two with Steele, the third with deadly grieve,
(Fierie) she shall see the miserable end
Of her belou'd, and her betrayed friend,
This Caue that should be harbour of her ioyes,
Of both her loues, and that which more I craue,
Or her great shame, may proue the happy graue,
And you the steppes that I in vaine haue followed,
Could you me speed of such a faythfull way?
Could you direct me to so deare a Bowre?
Behold I follow you. O *Corisea*, *Corisea*,
Now haist thou told too true, now I belecue thee.

SCE. 9. Satyre.

DOth this man then beleue *Corisea*, following her steps
Into the Caue of *Ericina*? Well, hee's mad,
He knowes her not; beleue mee he had need
Haue better hold of her ingaged fayth,
Then I had of her heare; But knottes more stranged,
Then gaudy guittes on her he cannot tie.
This damned Whoore hath sold her selfe to him,
And here shee'll pay the shamefull markets price.
Shee is within, her steps bewray the same,
This fallies out for her punishment, and thy reuenger
With this great overstanding stone close thou the Caue,
Goe then about, and fetch the Priest with thee
By the hill way which few or none do know,
Let her be executed as the law commands,
For breach of marriage troth, which she to *Coridon*.

Hach

The faythfull Shepheard.

Hath plighted, though she euer it conceal'd
For feare of me, so shall I be reueng'd
Of both at once, I'le leese no farther times
From off this Elme I'le cut a bough, with which
I may more speedely remoue this stone! Oh how great it is!
How fast it flickes. I'le digge it round about.
This is a worke in deed: Where are my wonted forces?
Oh peruerse Starres! in spight of you I'le moou't.
Oh *Pan Licen*, helpe me now, thou wert a louer once,
Reuenge thy loue disdained, vpon *Corisen*.
So, in the name of thy great power it mooues.
So, in the power of thy great name it falles.
Now is the wicked Foxe ta'ne in the trappe.
Oh that all wicked Women were with thee within,
That with one fire they might be all destroyd.

Chorus.

How puissant art thou *Loue*,
Natures miracle, and the *Worldes* wonder?
What *sauadge* nation, or what *rusticke* harts
Is it that of thy power feelles no part?
But what *Wit's* so profound can pull a *sunder*
Thas powers strengith?
Who feelles those flames thy fire lightes as length,
Inmoderate and *vaine*,
Will say a mortall spright thou sole dost raigne
And lue, in the corporall and fleshy brest.
But who feelles after how a louer is
Wak'ned to *Vertue*, and how all those flames
Do tremble out at sight of honest shames,
(*Unbridled blispring lustes* brought downe to rest)
Will call thee Sprights of high immortal blisse,
Hauing thy holy receptacle in the soule.
Reue miracle of *humane* and *diuine* aspectes,
(That blind) dost see, and *Wisedome* (mad) corrects,
Of sence and vnderstanding intellects,
Of reason and desire confus'd affectes.

The saythfull Shepheard.

Such Emperie hast thou on earth,
And so the heauens above dost thou controule:
Yet (by your leane) a wonder much more rare,
And more stupendous hath the world then you,
e'er how you make all wonders yeeld and bow
Is easely knowne. Your powers do berthe,
And being taken from vertue of a woman faire.
O Woman gust of the high heauenly skie,
Or rather he who did their spangled gowne
So gorgeous make unto our mortall eye:
What hath it which a Womans beautie push not downe,
In his vast brow a monstrous Ciclop-like,
It onely one eye hath,
Which to beholding gazers gines no light,
But rather doth with terrour blinde the strike:
If it do sigh or speake, 'tis like the wrath
Of an enraged Lion that would fight:
And not the skies alone but euen poore fishes
Are blasted with the flames his lightning weildes.
Whilst thou with Lamps most sweete,
And with an amorous angelicke light
Of two Sunnes visible that neuer meete,
Dost alwayes the tempestuous troubled spright
Of thy beholder quiet and delight:
Sound, motion, light, that beautie doth assume,
State, daintinesse, and valew, do aright
Mixe such a harmony in that faire sight,
That skyes themselves with vanitie presume,
If lesse then Paradise those skies do shine
To Paragon with thee (thing most deuine)
Good reason hath that soueraigne creature (nam'd
A Man) to whom all mortall things do bow,
If thee beholding, higher cause allow
And yeeld to bee.
What though he rule and triumph truely farr'd,
It is not for high powers more worth do see
In him then in thee,
Eiher of scepter or of victorie:

The saythfull Shepheard.

*But for to make thee farre more glorious stand,
Because th: Conquerour thou dost commaund:
And s't must bee, for mans humanitie
Is subject still to Beauties deitie.*

*Who will not trust this, but contrary saith,
Let him behold Mutilloes wondrous sayth:
Yet Woman to thy worth this is a staine,
Loue is made leas so hopelesly and vaine.*

SCE. I. Corisea.

SO fixed was my hart and whole intent
In bringing of this Deere vnto the bow,
That I forgotten had my dearest heire
That brutish villaine robd me of: Oh how I grieved,
With such a price to purchase mine escapet
But t'was of force to get out of the handes
Of that same senceles beast, who though he haue
Lesse hart then any Conny hath, yet might he do
Me many iniuries and many skornes.
I alwayes him despisd: whilst he had blood
In any of his vaines (like a Horse-leach)
I suckt him still: Now doth it grieue him that
I haue giu'n o're to loue him still; iust cause he had.
If one could loue a most vnlovely Beast,
Like hearbes that earst were got for holsome vse,
The iuice drawne out, they rest vnprofitable,
And like a stinking thing we them despise:
So him, (when I had what so ere was good suckt out
From him) how should I vse, but throw the saples trunk
Vnto the dunghill heape? Now will I see
Yf *Coridon* be gotten close into the Caue.
What newes is this I see? Sleepe I or do I wake?
I am assur'd this Caues mouth erst was ope,
How close tis shut? How is this auncient Stone?
Rould downe? was it an Earthquake since.
Yet would I know if *Coridon* were there

The faythfull Shepheard.

With *Amarillis*, then car'd I little for the rest.
Certaine hee's there, for tis a good while since
Lyetta gaue him word. Who knowes the contrary?
T'may be *Mirillo* moued with disdain,
Hath done this deed, hee had hee but my minde,
Could onely haue perform'd this rare exployte.
Well by the Mountaines way will I go see,
And learne the troth of all how it hath paith.

SCE. 2. *Dorinda, Linco.*

L *Inco*, I am assur'd thou know'st me not.

Lin. Who would haue thought that in these rusty rags
Gentle *Dorinda* had been euer hid,

Were I some Dogge, as I but *Linco* am,
Vnto thy cost I should thee know too well.

VVhat do I see? *Dor. Linco*, thou see'st great loue,
VVorking effectes both strange and miserable.

Lin. One like thy selfe, so soft so tender yet,
That wer't but now (as one would say) a babe,
And still me thinkes it was but yesterday
Since in mine armes I had thee little wretch,
Ruling thy tender cryes, and taught thee too
To call thy Father Dad, thy Mother Mamma
When in your house I was a Seruant hir'd,
Thou that so like a fearefull Doe wa'st wont
To feare each thing before thou feltst this loue,
Why, on a sodaine thee would feare each blast,
Each Bird that stird a bush, each Mouse that from
Her hole did run, each Lease would make thee start.
Now wandrest all alone by hills, by woodes,
Fearing no Beast that hauntes the Forrestes wilde?

Dor. Wounded with Loue, who feares another hurt.

Lin. Loue had great power, that could not onely thee
Into a Man, but to a Wolfe transforme.

Dor. O *Linco*, could'st thou but see here within,
There should'st thou see a lying Wolfe deuoure

My

The saythfull Shepheard.

My wretched soule like to a harmeles Lambe.

Lin. And who's that Wolfe? *Silvio.* Do. Ah thou hast said.

Lin. Thou, for he is a Wolfe, hast changd thy selfe
Into a Wolfe because no humane lookes
Could mooue his loue, perhaps this beastes yet mought.
But tell me, where had'st thou these cloathes so ragd?

Do. I'll tell thee true, to day I went betime
There where I heard that *Silvio* did intend
A noble hunting to the sauage Boore,
At *Erimantus* foote, where *Elucet*
Puts vp his head, not farre off from the lawnd,
That from the hill is seuer'd by discent,
I found *Melempo* my faire *Silueas* Dogge,
Whose thirst I thinke had drawne him to that place:
I that each thing of *Silvio* held full deare,
Shade of his shape, and footsteps of his feete,
Much more the Dogge which he so dearely lou'd,
Him straightway tooke, and hee without adoo,
Like to some gentle Cade, came quietly with mee:
Now whilst I cast this Dogge to reconuey
Home to his Lord and mine, hoping to make
A conquest of his loue by guift so deare,
Behold he comes seeking his footsteps out,
And heere he stayes. Deare *Linco* I will not
Leese further time in telling euery thing
That twixt vs past, but briefly to dispatch
After a heape of fained vowes and wordes,
The cruell Boy fled from me straight away
In irefull mood with his thrice-happy Dogge,
And with my deare and sweetest sweete reward.

Lin. Oh desperate *Silvio*! Oh cruell Boy!
What didst thou then? Disdaind'st thou not his deed?

Dor. As if the heate of his disdain had been
Of loue vnto my hart the greatest fire,
So by his rage increased my desire:
Yet still pursuing him vnto the chace,
Keeping my broken way, I *Lupus* met,
Heere thought I good with him to change my cloathes,

The faythfull Shepheard.

And in his seruile habite me to hide,
That mongst the Swaines I for a Swaine might passe,
And at my pleasure see my *Siluo*.

Lin. Went'st thou to hunt in likenesse of a Woolfe,
Seene by the Dogges, and yet returned'st safe?
Domida, thou hast done inough. *Do. Linco*
No wonder 'tis, the Dogges could do no harme
Vnto their Maisters preordeyned pray.
There stood I by the Toyes amongst a fort
Of neighbour Shepheards, to see to see the sport,
Rather to see the huntsman then the game.
At euery motion of the saualge Beast
My hart did quake: At each of *Siluo's* steps
My soule stept out, push't on with all her will:
But my chiefe hope the fearefull sight disturb'd,
Of that immeasurable Boore in force,
Like as the rau'nous strength of sodaine storme
In little time bringes trees and rockes to ground:
So by his tuskes bedew'd with blood and foame,
VVe see Dogges slaine, Staues broke, and wounded men.
How many times did my poore blood desire
For *Siluo's* blood to combat with the Boore.
How often times would I haue stept to make
My brest a buckler for my *Siluo's* brest,
How often sayd I in my selfe, excuse,
Excuse the daintie lapp of my deare Loue:
So to my selfe spake I with praying fighes,
VWhilst he his Dogge all arm'd with hardned skin,
Lets loose against the Beast, who waxed proud
Of hauing made a wretched quarries fight
Of wounded Shepheardes and Dogges slaine outright:
Linco, I cannot tell this Dogges great worth,
And *Siluo* loues him not without good cause.
Locke how an angry Lyon entertaines
The poynted hornes of some vndaunted Bull,
Sometime with force, sometime with pollicie,
And fastens at the last his mightie pawes
So on his backe as no powre can remou't:

The faithfull Shepheard.

So strong *Meump*' auoyding craftely
The Boores swift strokes and mortall wounding blowes:
At last taints on his eare, which first he shakes,
And afterward so firmly him he holdes,
As his vast sides might wounded be at ease:
The small token of a deadly stroke,
The *Silui* invoking *Phæbes* name,
Direct this blow (sayd he) and here I vow
To sacrifice to thee his gaskly head.
This layd, from out his quier of pure gold,
He takes a speedy Sha't, and to his eare
He drawes his mighty Bow, and straight the Boore
Betweene his necke and shoulder wounded, dyest
I free'd a sigh, seeing my *Silui* safe.

Oh happy beatt that mightst thy life so leaue,
By him that hartes from humane beastes doth reauē.

Lin. But what became of that same fearefull beatt?

Dor. I do not know, because I came away
For feare of being seene: But I beleue
That solemnly they meane to carry it
Vnto the Temple, as my *Silui* vow'd.

Lin. And meane you not to change these rustie cloathes?

Dor. Yes wis full faine, but *Lispe* hath my Gowne,
And promised t'attende me at this Spring,
But him I misse: deare *Linco* if thou lou'st me
Goe seeke him in these Woods, he is not farre,
Ple rest me in the meane time by this Den,
For weerinesse makes me to sleepe desire,
Nor would I home returne in this attire.

Lin. I go, and stirre not you till I returne.

SCE. 3. *Chorus, Ergasto.*

Shepheardes, haue you not heard our Demi-God
Montanus, worthy sonne of *Hercules* descent,
Hath slaine the dreadfull Boore, that did infect
All *Arcady*, and now he doth prepare
To satisfie his Vowes, if we will thankesfull bee

L 1.

For

The faythfull Shepheard.

For such a benefite, lets go and meete him,
And giue him all the reuerence that we can.

Er. Oh dolesfull fortune! Oh most bitter chaunce!
Immedicable wounde, Oh mornefull day!

Cho. What voyce of horror and of plaint heare wee?

Er. Starres foemen to our good, thus mocke you vs?
Did you so high our hopes lift vp, that with
Their fall you might vs plague the more?

Cho. This seemes *Ergasto*, and t'is surely hee.

Er. Why do I Starres accuse, accuse thy selfe,
That brought'st the Yron to Loues Anuile so,
Thou didst it strike, thou mad'st the sparkes fly out
From whence this fire growes so vnquenchable:
But heauens do know my pittie brought me to't.
Oh haples Louers, wretched *Amarillis*,
Vnfortunate *Titirus*, childles father,
Sad *Montanus*, desolate *Arcadia*:
Oh miserable we; and to conclude,

All that I see, speake, heare, or thinke, most miserable.

Cho. What wretched accident is this that doth containe
So many miseries? Gow' Shepheards Gow'
Lets meete with him: Eternall heauenly powers,
Will not your rage yet cease? Speake good *Ergasto*,
What lamentable chaunce is this thou plainst?

Er. Deare friendes, I plaine vs all the ruine of *Arcadia*.

Cho. What's this? *Er.* The prop of all our hopes is downe.

Cho. Ah speake more plaine. *Er.* Daughter of *Titirus*,
The onely branch of her decaying stocke,
Hope of our health, which to *Montanus* sonne,
Was by the heauens promist and destenied,
Whose marriage should haue freed *Arcadia*,
Wife *Amarillis*, Nymph celestially,
Patterne of honor, flowre of chastetic:

My hart wil not giue me leaue to speak. *Cho.* Why, is she dead?

Er. Nay doom'd to death. *Cho.* Ay me, what's this.

Er. Nay worse, With infamie. *Cho.* *Amarillis* infamous.

Er. Found with the adul't'rour, & if hence ye go not soone,
Ye may her see led captiue to the Temple.

Cho.

The saythfull Shepheard.

Cho. Oh rare! but wicked, valure of this female sexe,
Oh chattle, how singuler thou art,
Scarce can a man say any woman's chaff,
Sauc she that ne're was try'd; vnhappy age:
But curteous Shepheard, tell vs how it was?

Er. This day betime you know *Montanus* came,
With th'haples father of the wretched Nymph,
Both by one selfe deuotion led, which was
By pray'rs, to haste the marriage to good end:
For this the Sacrifices offered were,
Which solemnly perform'd with good aspectes:
For neuer were there scene intrailes more faire,
Nor flames more bright, by which the blind Diuine
Mouued, did to *Montanus* say: This day
With *Amavillis* shall your sonne be wed:
Goe quickly and prepare the marriage feast.
Oh blindly done, blind Prophets to belecue,
The fathers and the standers by were glad,
And wept, their hartes made tender with this ioye.
Titirus was no sooner gone, but straight we heard
And saw vnhappy fearefull signes, the messengers
Of sacred ire: at which so sodaine and so fierce,
Each stood amaz'd, the Priestes inclosed were
VVithin the greater Cloysture, we without,
VVeeeping were saying holy pray'rs, when loe
The wicked *Satyre* audience earnest craues
Of the chiefe Priett: and for this was my charge,
I let him in, to whom he thus begins,
Fathers, if to your Vowes the Incense and
The Sacrifices be not answerable,
If on your Altars purely burne no flames,
Woonder not, for in *Ericinaes* Caue,
A treacherous Nymph prophanes your holy Lawes:
And in adultery her fayth doth breake.
Come Ministers with me, wee'll take in the fact.
A while th'vnhappy father breathes, thinking he had
Found out the cause of this so dismall signes,
Straight he commaundes chiefe Minister *Nicander* go

The saythfull Shepheard.

With that same *Sayre*, and captiud to bring
Them to the Temple both: him straight accompanied
With all our troupe of vnder Ministers,
The *Sayre* by a darke and crooked way,
Conduces into the Caue: the young-man scar'd
With our torch-light, so sodainely assail'd:
Assayes to fly vnto that outward issue,
But it the *Sayre* closed hath too fast.

Cho. What did you then? *Er.* I can not tell you how
Amaz'd we were, to see her that we taken had,
To be *Turris* daughter, whom no sooner we
Had layd hold on, but our *Mirrillo* steps,
And throwes his Dart, thinking to wound *Nicander*:
And had the Steele hit as he did direct,
Nicander had been slaine: but shrinking backe,
Whether by chaunce or wit, he shund the harmet
But the strong Dart pierced his hayrie cloathes,
And there stucke fast, *Mirrillo* not being able
It to recouer, captiue taken was.

Cho. What's come of him? *Er.* He by an other way is led.

Cho. VVhat shall he do? *Er.* To get more out of him,
Besides, perhaps he shall not skotfree scape:
For hauing so offended our high Priest,
Yet would I could haue comforted the wretch.

Cho. Why could you not? *Er.* Because the Law forbids
Vs vnder Ministers to speake with gultie folkes:
For this I came about, and left therest,
Prouoking heauens with teares and prayers deuout,
To turne away this dreadfull storme from vs:
And so pray yee, and therewithall farewell.

Cho. So shall we do, had we but once performd
Our duerie vnto *Solusio*, eternall Gods
In pittie, not in furie, shew your selues supreme.

SCE. 4. *Corisca.*

NOW crowne my temples with triumphant Bayes,
Victorious temples, this day happely

The saythfull Shepheard.

I combated haue in the field of Loue,
And vanquished: this day both heauen and earth,
Nature and Art, Fortune and Dettentie,
Both friendes and enemies haue fought for mee.
The wicked *Sauye* whom I hated so,
Hath helpt me much: for it was better that
Mirtillo should, then *Coridon*, be ta'ne,
To make her fault more likely and more ill:
V Vhat though *Mirtillo* taken be, hee'le loone be free,
To her alone the punishment is due.
O solemn victorie, O famous triumph,
Dresse me a Trophee amorous deceites,
You in this tounge, in this same precious brest
Are aboue Nature most omnipotent.
V Why stay I now? t'is time for me to go,
Vntill the Law haue iudg'd my riual dead,
Perhaps the Priest may draw the troth from mee:
Fly then *Corisea*, daunger t'is to ly,
For them that haue no feete wherewith to flye
I'll hide me in these woodes vntill I may
Returne: enjoy my ioyes: happy *Corisea*,
V Who euer saw a brauer enterprise?

SCE. 5. *Nicander, Amarillis.*

HEE had a hart most hard, or rather had
No hart at all, nor any humane sence,
That did not pittie thee poore wretched Nimph,
And felt no sorrow for thy miserie:
Onely to see a Damsell captiuat,
Of heauenly countenance and so sweete a face,
V Worshy the world should to thee consecrate
Temples and Sacrifices, led to the Temple
For a Sacrifice, surely t'were a thing
That with dry eyes I thinke none could behold:
But who knowes how and wherefore thou wert borne?
Tircius daughter, *Montanus* daughter in law,
That should haue been, and that these two are they

The saythfull Shepheard.

VVhich do vphold *Arcadia*, and that thy selfe
A daintie *Nymph*, so faire of forme,
The naturall confines of this thy life,
Approacheſt now ſo neare the boundes of death:
Hee that knowes this, and doth not plaine the ſame,
He is no man, but beaſt, in humane ſhape.

Am. If that my fault did cauſe my wretchedneſſe,
Or that my thoughtes were wicked, as thou thinkeſt
My deed, leſſe grieuous would my death be then:
For it were iuſt my blood ſhould waſh the ſpots
Of my defiled ſoule, heauens rage appeaſe,
And humane iuſtice iuſtly ſatiſfie,
Then could I quiet my afflicted ſprights,
And with a iuſt remorse of well-deſerued death,
My ſenſes mortifie, and come to death:
And with a quiet blow paſſe forth perhaps
Vnto a life of more tranquillitie:

But too too much *Nicander* too much grieu'd
I am, in ſo young yeeres Fortune ſo hie,
An Innocent, I ſhould be doom'd to die.

Nic. Ah pleaſd it heauens we had gainſt thee offended,
Not thou offended gainſt the heauenly powers:
For we alas with greater eaſe might haue
Reſtor'd thee to thy violated name,
Then thou appeald their violated powers:
But I ſee not who thee offended hath,
Sauing thy ſelfe. Tell me? wert thou not found
In a cloſe place with the Adulterer, alone
With him alone? Wer't thou not promiſed
Vnto *Montanus* ſonne? Haſt thou not broke thy ſayth?
How art thou innocent? *Am.* I haue not broke
The Law, and I am innocent. *Ni.* Thou haſt not broke
The law of Nature happely (*Loſeſt thou likeſt*)
But humane law and heauens thou haſt tranſgreſt,
(*Loſeſt lawfully.*) *Am.* Both heauens & men haue er'd to me:
If it be true that thence our haps do come,
For is it reaſon in my deſtenie,
I beare the paine that's due to other's faultes?

The saythfull Shepheard.

Ni. Peace Nymph, came vp thy tounge in wilfull rage,
Let loose, do not condemne the Starres, for wee
Our selues procure vs all our miserie,

Am. I none accuse in heau'n, but my ill fates.
And worse then them is shee, that mee deceiu'd.

Ni. Then blame thy selfe, that hast deceiu'd thy selfe.

Am. I was deceiu'd, but by an others fraude.

Ni. T'is no deceite, to whom deceite is deare.

Am. Then you I see condemne me for vnchast?

Ni. I say not so, aske but your deedes, they'le tell.

Am. Deedes often are false tokens of the hart.

Ni. The deedes we see, we cannot see the hart.

Am. See what you will, I am sure my hart is cleare.

Ni. VVhat led you then into the Caue alone?

Am. Simplicite, and my too much belife.

Ni. Trust you your Chastitie vnto your Loue?

Am. I trusted my false friend, and not my Loue.

Ni. VVhat friend was that, your amorous desire?

Am. Orminoes sister, who hath me betrayde.

Ni. Sweete trecherie, to fall into your loue.

Am. I knew not of *Mirtilloes* comming I.

Ni. VVhy did you enter then? and to what end?

Am. Let it suffice not for *Mirtilloes* sake.

Ni. You are condemn'd except y'haue better prooffe.

Am. Let her be asked of my innocencie.

Ni. VVhat shee, that was the occasion of your fault?

Am. Shee that betray'd mee, will you not her beleue?

Ni. VVhat sayth hath she that was so saythlesse then?

Am. I by our Goddesse *Cinthias* name will swear.

Ni. Thy deedes haue mard the credite of thine oath:

Nymph, to be plaine, these are but dreames, and waues
Of muddy water, cannot wash cleane, nor guilty hartes
Speake troth; thou should'st haue kept thy chastitie
As dearly as the apple of thine eye.

Am. And must I then thus (good *Nicanor*) die?
Shall none me heare, nor none my cause defend?
Thus left of all, depriv'd of euery hope,
Onely accompanied with an extreame

The saythfull Shepheard.

Unhappy Funerall pray that not helpes mee.

Ni. Nymph be content, and since thou wert so fond
In sinning, be more wise in suffering punishment:

Direct thine eyes to heau'n, thence art thou come,
And thence doth come all good or ill that haps,
As from a Fountaine doth a streame descend:
And though to vs it ill do seeme, as eu'ry good
Is mingled with some ill, yet there t'is good.

Great *Jus* doth know to whom all thoughtes are knownet
So doth our Goddesse whom we worthyp heere,
How much I grieue for thee: and if I haue
Pierc't with my wordes thy soule, like a Phisicion I
Haue done, who searcheth first the wound
V Where it suspected is: be quiet then
Good *Nymph*, and do not contradict that which
Is writ in heau'n about of thee.

Am. O cruell sentence, whether writ in heau'n
Or earth? In heau'n it is not writ,
For there mine innocencie is knowne: but what
Auailes it since I needes must die? Ah too too hard,
And too too bitter cupp. Ah good *Nicander*,
For pittie sake make not such haste with mee
Vnto the Temple! stay. Oh stay a little while!

Ni. O *Nymph*, to whom death is so grieuous now,
Each moment seemes a death, it is thine ill to stay:
Death hath not so much harme, as feare thereof;
Thou sooner dead, thy paine is sooner past.

Am. Some helpe may come, deare father: father now
Dost thou leaue me, now leaue thine onely child.
V Vilt thou not helpe me yet before I die?
Do not deny me yet thy latest kisse:

One blade shall wound both brestes, and out of mine
Thy blood must streame. Oh father! Oh sweete name!
Sometime so deare which I ne're calld in vaine,
Make you your onely daughters marriage thus,
A morninges Bride, an euening Sacrifice?

Ni. *Nymph*, Do not thus torment thy selfe and me,
T'is time I lead you to the Temple now,

My

The faithfull Shepheard.

My duetie t'is, I may not slacke it so.

Am. Deare Woods farewell, my dearest Woods farewell,

Receiue my latest sighes vntill my soule

By cruell wound from this my body free,

Returne to seeke your loued shadows out:

For Innocentes can not be doom'd to hell,

Nor mongst the blessed can delpayners dwell.

O *Murtillo*, vretched was that day

That first I saw thee, and thy sight did please,

Since I my life must leaue, more deare to thee

Then thine, which prooues the occasion of my death.

VVilt thou belecue that she is doom'd to death

For thee, that cruell euer was to thee,

To keepe me innocent? For mee too bold,

For thee too little daring was my will: now euer t'was,

I faultles die, fruitles, and without thee

My deare I die, my deare *Mirt.* *N.* Surely shee

Is dead, and in *Murtillies* loued name her life

Hath finished: her loue and griefe the blade

Preuented hath: come helpe to hold her vp,

Shee lyueth yet, I feele her hart doth throb:

Carry her to the Fountaine here hard by,

Fresh water may restore her stoned sprights,

But were it not a deed of pittie now,

To let her die of griefe, and shun the blade:

No let vs rather succour now her life,

Wee do not know what heau'ns will do with her.

SCENE 6. Chorus of Huntsmen.

Chor. of Shepheardes with Siluio.

Chor. Hunt.

O Glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That Monsters kilt, and Wild-bestes dost deface.

Cho. Sh. O glorious child, who *Erimantus* Boore
Hast ouerthrowne, vnconquerable thought:
Behold his head, that seemes to breath out death,

M.

This

The faythfull Shepheard.

This is the Trophée of our Demi-God,
Helpe Shepherdes helpe, to celebrate his name,
And with solemnitiē his deedes to grace.

Cho. Hu. O glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That Monsters killst, and Wild-beestes dost deface.

Cho. Sh. O glorious child, by whom the fertile plaines,
Depriu'd of tillage, haue their good regaind:

Now may the Plough-man goe securelie, and

Sow both his Seēde, and reape his Haruest in:

These ougly teeth can now no more them chace.

Cho. Hu. O glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That monsters slist, and wild Beastes dost deface.

Cho. Sh. O glorious child, how thou dost couple still
Pittie with fortitude. *Combia* behold

Thy humble *Silence* vow; behold this head,

That here and here in thy despight is armd

With whire and crooked tuskes, enuying thy hornes.

Thou puissant Goddess, since thou didst direct

His shaft: the price of his great victorie

Is due to thee: hee famous by thy grace.

Cho. Hun. O glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That monsters killst, and wild Beastes dost deface.

SCE. 7. Coridon.

VNtill this time I neuer durst beleue,

That which the *Saryre* of *Corisea* said,

Imagining his tale had been but fordg'd,

Maliciously to worke me iniurie:

Far from the troth it seemd to mee that place,

VWhere she appoynted I with her should meete,

(If that be true which was on her behalfe,

Deliuered me by young *Lisseta* late)

Should be the place to take th^e Adultrour in:

But see a signe that may confirme the same,

Eu'n as he told mee, so it is in deed.

Oh what a Stone is this, which shuts vp thus

The faythfull Shepheard.

The huge mouth of this Caue? Oh *Corisca*,
All in good time I haue found out your guiles,
Which after so long vs, at last returne
VVith damage to your selfe. So manie lies,
So many trecheries, must needes presage
Some mortall disaduenture at the least,
To him that was not madd, or blinde with loue:
T'was good for mee! stayde away so long,
Great fortune that my father me detain'd
So with a tedious stay, as then me thought,
Had I kept time but as *Lisetta* bad,
Surely some strange aduenture had I had.
What shall I doe? shall I attir'd with spleene,
Seeke with outrageous furie for reuenge?
Fie no, I honour her too much: so bee
The case with reason waighd; it rather would
Haue pittie and compassion, then reuenge.
And shall I pittie her, that me betrayes?
Snee rather doth betray her selfe, that thus
Abandons mee, whose fayth to her was pure,
And giue her selfe in pray
To a poore Shepheard (straunger vagaband,
That shall to morrow be more perfidous then shee.
Should I according to the *Satyres* counsell, her accuse,
Of the fayth broken, which to mee shee swore:
Then must shee die: My hart's not halfe so base,
Let her then liue for mee: or to say better,
Let her die vnto mee, and liue vnto others:
Liue to her shame, liue to her infamie;
Since she is such, she neuer can in me
Kindle one sparke of fearefull ielowfie.

SCE. 8. *Silvio.*

O Goddesse, that no Goddesse art, but of
An idle people, blinde and vaine: who with
Impurest mindes and fond Religion,
Hallows the Aulters and great Temples too.

M^a.

What,

The faythfull Shepheard.

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Helpe Shepherdes helpe, to celebrate his name,
And with solemnitiē his deedes to grace.

Cho. Hu. O glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That Monsters killst, and Wild-bestes dost deface.

Cho. Sh. O glorious child, by whom the fertile plaines,
Depriv'd of tillage, haue their good regain'd:
Now may the Plough-man goe securelie, and
Sow both his Seede, and reape his Harvest in:

These ougly teeth can now no more them chace.

Cho. Hu. O glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That monsters slist, and wild Beastes dost deface.

Cho. Sh. O glorious child, how thou dost couple still
Pittie with fortitude. *Cynthia* behold

Thy humble *Silvius* vow; behold this head,
That here and here in thy despiight is armd
With white and crooked tuskes, enuying thy hornes.

Thou puissant Goddess, since thou didst direct
His shaft: the price of his great victorie
Is due to thee: hee famous by thy grace.

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Where she appoynted I with her should meete,

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Should be the place to take the Adultrour in:

But see a signe that may confirme the same,

Eu'n as he told mee, so it is in deed.

Oh what a Stone is this, which shuts vp thus

The

The faythfull Shepheard.

The huge mouth of this Caue? Oh *Corisea*,
All in good time I haue found out your guiles,
Which after so long vse, at last returne
VVith damage to your selfe. So manie lies,
So many trecheries, must needes presage
Some mortall disaduenture at the least,
To him that was not madd, or blinde with loue:
T'was good for mee! stayde away so long,
Great fortune that my father me detain'd
So with a tedious stay, as then me thought,
Had I kept time but as *Lisetta* bad,
Surely some strange aduenture had I had.
What shall I doe? shall I attir'd with spleene,
Seeke with outrageous furie for reuenge?
Fie no, I honour her too much: so bee
The case with reason waighd; it rather would
Haue pittie and compassion, then reuenge.
And shall I pittie her, that me betrayes?
Shee rather doth betray her selfe, that thus
Abandons mee, whose fayth to her was pure,
And giue her selfe in pray
To a poore Shepheard straunger vagaband,
That shall to morrow be more perfidious then shee.
Should I according to the *Satyres* counsell, her accuse,
Of the fayth broken, which to mee shee swore:
Then must shee die: My hart's not halfe so base,
Let her then liue for mee: or to say better,
Let her die vnto mee, and liue vnto others:
Liue to her shame, liue to her infamie;
Since she is such, she neuer can in me
Kindle one sparke of fearefull ielowfie.

SCE. 8. *Siluius.*

O Goddesse, that no Goddesse art, but of
An idle people, blinde and vaine: who with
Impurest mindes and fond Religion,
Hallowes the Altars and great Temples too.

M 1.

What,

The saythfull Shepheard.

VVhat, sayd I Temples? wicked Theaters
Of beastly deedes, to colour their dishonest actes
With titles of thy famous Deitie,
Because thy shames in others-shames made lesse,
Let lose the raines of their lasciuiousnesse,
Thou foe to Reason, plotter of misdeedes,
Corrupter to our soules, calamitie
To the whole worlde; thou daughter of the Sea,
And of that treacherous monster rightly borne,
That with the breath of hope dost first intice
Those humane brestes, but afterward dost mooue
A thousand stormes of sighes, of teares, of plaintes:
Thou mayst be better calld Mother of tempestes and
Of rage, then Mother of Loue.
To what a miserie hast thou throwne downe
Those wretched Louers? now mayst thou vaunt thy selfe
To be omnipotent, if thou canst saue
That poore Nimphs life, whom with thy snares thou hast
Conducted to this miserable death.
O happy day I hallowd my chaste minde
To thee my onely Goddesse *Cynthia*,
Such power on earth to soules of better sort,
As thou art light in heau'n about the Starres.
Much better are those studious practises
Then those which *Venus* vnchaste seruantes vse:
Thy seruantes kill both Beares and ougly Boores,
Her seruantes are of Beares and Boores still slaine.
Oh Bowe and matchles Shafte, my power and my delight,
Vaine fantastique Loue, come prooue thyne armes,
Effeminate with mine: but fie, too much
I honour thee poore weake and wreckling child,
And for thou shalt me heare, I'll speake aloud.
A rod to chastise thee will be ynough, ——— ynough,
VVhat art thou *Eccho* that so soundes againe?
Or rather Loue, that answerest loudly so? ——— y so.
I could haue wisht no better match; but tell
Me then, Art thou (by heauen) hee ——— cauen hee
The sonne of her that for *Adonis* did

The saythfull Shepheard.

So miserably burne, in whom nought good is. — Goddesse.
A Goddesse? no, the Concubine of *Mars*,
In whom lasciuiousnesse doth wholly lye, — wholly a lye.
Of nee, thy tongue doth clacke against the winde,
Wilt thou come forth? thou dost but darkly dare, — y dare,
I helde thee for a coward still, art thou a baitard or
Dost thou that title brauely skorne? — y skorne.
O God, then art thou *Vulcans* sonne, by that
Lame Smith begot, — God,
A God? of what? of Winds, madd with bate in earth — earth.
God of the earth? makes thou thy toes to rue? — t rue,
V Vich what dost thou still punish those that strue,
And obstinately do contende with Loue? — with Loue.
Nay soft, when shall crook't Loue (tell me good soole)
Enter my brest? I warrent t's too straight, — straight,
What, shall I fall in loue so sodainely? — sodainely,
What is her name that I must then adore? — Dore.
Dorinda soole, thou canst not speake out yet,
But dost not thou meane her? — ee'n her.
Dorinda whom I hates but who shall force my will? — I will,
What weapons wilt thou vse? perhaps thy Bow, — thy Bow
My Bow? not till it be by thy leawd folly broken, — broken
My broken armes incounter me, and who
Shall breake them? thou? — thou.
Fie fie thou art drunke, goe sleepe goe sleepe: but stay,
These maruailes must be done: but wheare? — heare.
O soole, and I am gone, how thou art loden with
Wit-robbing Grapes that grew vpon the Vine. — Diuine
But soft, I see, or els mee thinkes I see
Something that's like a Woolfe in yonder Groue.
T's sure a Woolfe: How monstrous great it is.
This day for me is destenied to prayle:
Good God desse, with great fauours dost thou shew
To triumph in one day ouer two Beastes:
In thy great name, I loose this shaft, the swiftest and
The sharpest which my Quiuer holdes.
Great Archeresse, direct thou my right hand,
And here I vow to sacrifice the spoiles

The faythfull Shepheard.

Vnto thy name . O daintie blow, blow false
Eu'n where my hand and eye it destenied.
Ah that I had my Dart, it to dispatch,
Before it get into the Woodes away.
But heere be Stones, what need I any else?
Heere's scarcely one, I need none now : heere is
Another Shaft will pierce it to the quicke.
What's this I see? vnhappy *Siluius*?
I haue shot a Shepheard in a Woluifh shape.
O bitter chaunce ! O euer miserable!
Mee thinks I know the wretch, tis *Linco* that
Doth hold him vp . Oh deadly shaft! Oh most
Vnhappie Vow ! I guiltie of anothers blood?
I thus the causer of anothers death?
I that haue been so liberall of my life,
So large a spender of my blood for others health?
So, cast away thy weapons, and go liue
All gloriflesse . But see where he doth come,
A great deale lesse vnhappy then thy selfe.

SCENE. 9. Linco, Siluius, Dorinda.

LEane thou thy selfe (my Daughter) on this arme.
Vnfortunate *Dorinda*. *Sil.* O mee! *Dorinda*? I am dead.
Der. O *Linco* *Linco*, Oh my second father!
Sil. It is *Dorinda* sure: Ah voyce; ah sight.
Der. *Dorinda* to sustaine, *Linco* hath been
A fatall office vnto thee: thou hardst
The first cries that I euer gaue on earth,
And thou shalt heare the latest of my death:
And these thine Armes, that were my Cradle once,
Shall be my Coffin now. *Lin.* O child more deare
Then if thou wert mine owne. I cannot speake,
Griefe hath my wordes dissolued into teares.
Sil. On earth hold ope thy iawes and swallow mee.
Do. Oh stay both pace and plaint (good *Linco*) for
The one my griefe, my wound the other doth increase.

Sil.

The saythfull Shepheard.

Sil. Oh what a hard reward most wretched *Nymph*,
Hast thou receiued for thy wondrous loue?

Lin. Be of good cheere, thy wound not mortall is,

Dor. I but *Dorinda* mortall, wilbe quickly dead:

But dost thou know who t'is hath wounded me?

Lin. Let vs care for the lore, not for the offence,
For neuer did Reuenge yet heale a wound.

Sil. Why stay I thus? Shall I stay whilst they see me?

Haue I so bold a face? Fly *Siluo* fly

The punishment of that reuengefull sight,

Fly the iust edge of her sharpe cutting voice;

I cannot fly, fitall necessity doth hold

Me heere, and makes me seeke whom most

Iought to shunne. *Dor.* Why *Linco*, must I die

Not knowing who hath giuen me my death?

Lin. It *Siluo* is, *Dor.* Pitie. *Lin.* I know his shaft.

Dor. Oh happie issue of my lues last end,

If I be slaine by such a louely friend.

Lin. See where he is, with countenance him accusing.

Now heauens be prayd, y'are at good passe,

VVith this your bowe and shaftes omnipotent,

Hast thou not like a cunning Wood-man shot?

Tell mee, thou that of *Silua* lust; was it not I

That shot this daintie shooer? Oh Boy too wise,

Hadst thou belieu'd this foolish age I man,

Had it not better been? Answer me wretch.

What can thy life be worth, if thee do die?

I know thou'lt say, thou thoughtst t'haue shot a Woolfe,

As though it were no fault to shooer

Not knowing (carelesse wandring childe) if t'were

A man or beaſt thou shouldst at what Heardſman, or

What Ploughman dost thou see attyrd in other cloathes?

Ah *Siluo*, *Siluo*, who euer soweth witt so greene,

Doth euer reape ripe fruit of ignorance.

Thinke you (vaine Boy) this chaunce by chaunce did come?

Neuer without the powers deuine did such like happen:

Heauen is enrag'd at your supportlesse spight,

To loue and deepe despising to humane affectes.

The saythfull Shepheard.

Gods will not haue companions on the earth,
They are not pleas'd with this austeritie :
Now thou art dumbe, thou wert not wont t'indure.

Do. Siluio, let Lincez speak, he doth not know
What fou'raignetic thou o're *Dorinda* halt,
In life and death by the great power of Loue.
If thou hast shot me, thou hast shot thine owne:
Thou hitst the marke that's proper to thy shaft,
These handes that wounded me, haue follow'd right
The ayme of thy faire eyes. *Silvio*, behold her whom
Thou hatest so, behold her as thou wouldst:
Thou wouldst me wounded haue, wounded I am:
Thou wish't me dead, I ready am for death,
What wouldst thou more? What can I giue thee more?
Ah cruell Boy, thou neuer wouldst beleue
The wound by thee Loue made, canst thou deny
That which thy hand hath done? thou neuer sawst
The blood mine eyes did shed; seest thou this then,
That gusheth from my side : but if with pittie now
All gentlenesse and valoure be not spent,
Do not denie me cruell soule, I pray,
At my last gaspe, one poore and onely sigh:
Death should be blest, if thou but thus wouldst say,
Goe rest in peace poore soule, I humbly pray.

Sil. Ah my *Dorinda*, shall I call thee mine,
That art not mine, but when I thee must loose :
And when thou hast thy death receiued by mee,
Not when I might haue giu'n thee thy life:
Yet will I call thee mine, that mine shalt bee
Spight of my fortune : and since with thy life
I cannot haue thee, I'll haue thee in death :
All that thou seest in me, is ready for reuenge:
I kilde thee with these weapons, with the same
I'll kill my selfe : I cruell was to thee,
I now desire nothing but crueltie.
I proudly thee despi'd, vpon my knees
I humbly thee adore, and pardon craue;
But not my lyfe: Behold my Bowe, my Shaftes.

Wound

The saythfull Shepheard.

Wound not mine eyes or handes, th'are innocent:
But wound my brest, monster to pittie, foe
To loue: wound me this hart, that cruell was
To thee: behold, my brest is bare.

Do. Siluio, I wound that brest? thou hadst not need
Let it be naked to mine eyes, if thou desiredst
I should it wound. O daintie beauteous rocke,
So often beaten by the waues and windes
O my poore teares and sighes in vaine: and is it true,
Thou pittie feelst? or am I wretch but mockt;
I would not this same Alabaster skin
Should me deceiue, as this poore Beastes hath thee.
I wound thy brest? 'tis well, Loue durst do so.
I aske no wore reuenge, then thou shouldst loue.
Blest be the day wherein I first did burne,
Blest be my teares and all my martirdomes:
I wish thy prayse, and no reuenge of thee.
But courteous *Silvius*, that dost kneele to her,
Whose Lord thou art; since mee thou needes wilt serue,
Let thy first seruice be, to rise when I thee bid:
The second, that thou liu'it: for mee, let heauens
Worke their will; in thee my hart will liue:
As long as thou dost liue, I cannot die.
But if it seeme vniust my wound should be
Vnpunished, then breake this cruell Bowe,
Let that be all the mallice thou dost show.

Si. Oh curtuous doome: and so't shalbe,
Thou deadly Wood shalt pay the price of others life,
Behold, I breake thee, and I render thee
Vnto the Woodes, a trunke vnprofitable:
And you my Shafes that pierced haue the side
Of my faire Loue, because you brothers bee
I put you both together, and deliuer you,
Roddess armed in vaine, and vainely feathered.
T'was true Loue tolde me late in *Ecchoes* voyce,
O powerfull tamer both of Gods and men:
Late enemy, now Lord of all my thoughtes,
If thou esteemest it glory to haue mollified

The saythfull Shepheard.

A proude obdurate hart, Defende me from
The fatall stroke of death? one onely blow
Killing *Dorinda*, will me with her kill:
So cruell death, if cruell death she proue,
Will triumph ouer thee triumphant loue.

Lin. So wounded both, yet woundes most fortunate,
Were but *Dorindaes* fownd. Let's soone go seeke
Some remedie. *Dor.* Do not good *Linco* lead
Me to my fathers house in this attire.

Sil. Shall my *Dorinda* go to other house
Then vnto mine? no sure: aliue or dead
This day Ple marrie thee. *Lin.* And in good time,
Since *Amarillis* hath lost life and marriage too.
O blessed couple! O eternall Gods
Giue two their liues, giuing but one her health.

Dor. *Siluo* I weary am, I cannot hold me on
My wounded side. *Sil.* Be of good cheere,
Thou shalt a burthen be to vs most deare.
Linco giue me thy hand. *Lin.* Hold there it is.

Sil. Hold fast, and with our armes wee'll make a seate
For her. Sit there *Dorinda*, and with thy right hand
Hold *Lincoes* necke, and with thy left close mine:
Softly my hart, for rushing of thy wound.

Dor. O now mee thinkes I am well. *Sil.* *Linco* hold fast.

Lin. Do not you stagger, but go forward right,
This is a better triumph then a head.

Sil. Tell me *Dorinda*, doth thy wound still pricke?

Dor. It doth; but in thine armes my louelic treasure,
I hold eu'n pricking deare, and death a pleasure.

Chorus.

O Sweete and golden age, when *Milke*
Unto the tender World was meate:
Whose Cradle was the harmelesse Wood,
Their dearer partes whose graspe like silke,
The Flickes vntoucht, did toy to eate:
Nor feard the World the spoyle of blood,

The faythfull Shepheard.

*The troublous thoughts that do no good
Did not then make a cloudy vaile
To dimme our sunnes eternall light:
Now Reason being shut up quight,
Cloudes do our Wits skies ouer-haile:*

*From whence it is straunge landes we seeke for ease,
Ploughing with huge Oake trees the Ocean seas.*

*This bootlesse superstitious voyce,
This subiect profit lesse then vaine,
Of toyes, of titles, and of sleight,
Whom the mad World through worthlesse choyce,
Honor to name doth not disdain,
Did not with tyranny delight,
To rule our mindes, but to sustaine
Trouble for troth, and for the right
To maintaine fayth a firme decree
Amonst vs men of each degree,
Desire to do well was of right:*

*Cave of true Honor, happy to be named,
Who what was lawfull pleasure to vs framed.*

*Then in the pastures grouny shade,
Sweete Carroles and sharpe Madrigales
Were flumes unto deare lawfull Loue:
There gentle Nymphes and Shepheards made
Thoughts of their wordes and in the dales
Did Himen ioyes and kisses moue,
Farre sweeter and of more behoue,
True lovers onely did enioy
Loues liuely Roses and sweete Flowers,
Whilst Wily-craft sound alwayes showers,
Showers of sharpe will, and Wills annoy:*

Were it in Woodes or Caues for quiet rest,

The name of Husband still was liked best.

*False wicked World, that courrest still
With thy base mercenary name*

*The soules chiefe good, and dost entice
To nourish thought of newfound Will,
With likelihoodes restrained againe:*

The faithfull Shepheard.

Unbridling our secret vice,
Like to a Net layde by deuice
Among faire Flowers and sweete spread Leanes,
Thou cloathst vnde thoughtles in busy weedes,
Esteeming seeming goodnesse, deedes,
By which the life with Art deceine:

Nor dost thou care (this Honour is thy all)
What theft it be, so Loue may hide the fact.

But thou great Honour, great by right,
Frame famous spirits in our hartes,
Thou true Lord of each Noble breast:
O thou that rulest Kinges of might,
Once turne thee into these our partes,
Which wanting thee, cannot be blest:
Make the world from out their mortall rest,
With mightie and with powerfull things,
Who by a base vnwarthy will
Haue left to work thy pleasure still,
And left the worth of antique thinges:
Let's hope our ills a truce will one day take,
And let our hopes not wauer nor shake:
Let's hope the setting sunne will rise againe,
And that the styes when they most awke appeare,
Do draw (though coner'd) after wished cleare.

Finis Cho. Act. 4.

SCENA. I. Vranio, Carino.

THe place is euer good, where any thriues:
And euery place is natue, to the wise.

Car. True (good Vranio) I by prooffe can tell,
That young, did leaue my fathers house, and sought
Strange places out, and now turne home gray hear'd,
That earst departed hence with golden lockes;
Yet is our natue soyle sweete vnto him
That hath his fence: Nature doth make it deare,
Like to the Adamant, whom though the Miner

Carry

The saythfull Shepheard.

Carry farre hence, sometime where as the Sunne
Is borne, and sometime where it dyes; yet still
The hidden vertue wherewith it beholdes,
The Northren Pole it neuer doth forgoe :
So he that goes farre from his native soyle,
And often times in straunger land doth dwell,
Yet he retaines the loue he to it bore.
O my *Arcadia*, now I greet thy ground,
And welcome good *Uranio*, for t'is meete
You do partake my ioyes, as you haue done my toyle.

Ura. I may pertake your toyle, but not content,
When I remember how farre hence I left
My house and little household off: well may I rest
My limbes, but well I wot my hart will mone,
Nor saue thy felte, could any thing haue drawne
Me from *Eldis* now: yet I know not
What cause hath made you trauaile to this place.

Car. Thou knowst my deare *Mirtillo*, whom the heauens
Haue giu'n me: for my Sonne came hither sick,
Heere to get health, according to the Oracle,
Which sayd onely *Arcadia* could restore it him:
Two monthes he hath been heere, and I not able to
Abide that stay; went to the Oracle
To know of his returne: which answered thus,
Returne thou to thy Countrey, where thou shalt
Liue merrily with thy *Mirtillo* deare:
Heauens haue determined great thinges of him;
Nor shalt thou laugh but in *Arcadia*.
Thou then my deare companion, merrie bee,
Thou hast a share in all my good, nor will
Carino smile, if my *Uranio* grieue.

Ura. All labours that I for *Car* no take,
Haue their reward: but for to short the way,
I pray you tell what ma te you trauaile first.

Car. A youthfull loue I vnto Musicke bore,
And greedinetle of foraine fame, disdayning that
Arcadia onely should me prayse, made me
Secke out *Eliu* and *Pisa* famous to,

The saythfull Shepheard.

Where I saw glorious *Aegon* crowned with Bayes,
With Purple next to Vertue euermore;
So that he *Phœbus* seem'd: when I deuout
Vnto his powre did consecrate my Lute:
Then left I *Pisa*, and to *Micene* went,
And afterwarde to *Argos*, where I was
At first, adored like a God: but twilbe too
Too troublesome to tell the storie of my life.
I many fortunes tride, sometime disdained,
Sometime respected like a power deuine:
Now rich, then poore; now downe, then vp aloft:
But in the change of place, my fortunes neuer changd,
I leard to know and sigh my former libertie:
And leauing *Argos*, I returned to
My homely Bowre I in *Elidis* had:
Where (Gods be pray'd) I did *Mirtillo* buy,
Who since, hath comforted all mine annoyes.

Dr. Thise happie they who can containe their thoughts
And not through vaine and most immoderate hope,
Leese the sweete tasted fruite of moderate good.

Ca. Who would haue thought t'haue waxed poore in gold
I thought t'haue found in royall Palaces
People of more humanitie, then heere,
Which is the noble ornament of worthy sprights;
But I (*Vranio*) found the contrarie:
People in name and wordes right curtuous,
But in good deedes most scarce, and Pitties foes:
People in face, gentle and pleasant still;
But fiercer then th'outragious swelling Sea:
People with countenaunce all of charitie,
But throughly Couetous, and fraught with Enuie:
The greater shoues they make, the lesse troth they meane:
That which is vertue other where, is there but vice:
Vprightest deedes, true loue, pittie sincere,
Inuolable sayth, of hand and hart,
A lite most innocent; these they esteeme
But cowards still, and men of fillie wities:
Follies and vanities, that are rediculous,

The saythfull Shepheard.

Coosonage, lying, theft, and rapine clad;
In holinesse, by others downefalles and their losse,
Rich still to grow, to builde their reputation
On others intamie, to lay fine snares
To trap the innocent; these are the vertues of that place.
No merit, worth, reuerence of age,
Of law, or of degree, no raines of shame,
Respect of loue or blood, nor memorie
Of any good receiued: and to conclude,
nothing so reuerend, pure, or iust can be,
That seemes forbiduen to these gulfes of pride,
Of honour so ambitious: so couetous
Of getting still. Now I that alwayes liu'd
Vnwarie of their snares, and in my forehead had
All my thoughts written, my hart discouered;
You well may iudge, I was an open marke
To the suspicious shaftes of enuious folkes.

Ur. What can be happie in that caytiue land,
Where Enuie euer Vertue dorth commaund?

Ca. If since I trauailed, my *Muse* had had
As good a cause to laugh as t'had to weepe,
Perhaps my stile would haue been fit t'haue sung
The armes, and honours, of my noble Lord,
So that he needed not to haue enuyed
The braue *Meonian* trumpet of *Achilles* fame,
Imight haue made my Countries browes been girt
With happie Laurell too: But too inhumane is this age,
And too vnhappy guift of Poetrie.
The Swans desire a quiet nest, a gentle ayre,
Pernassus neuer knew this byting care.
Who quarrels with his fate and fortune still,
His voyce must needes be hoarse, his song but ill:
But now t'is time to letke *Mirrillo* out.
Oh how this Countrey's chaungd! I scarcely know't:
But Straungers neuer want a guide that haue a tongue,
We will enquire to the next harbour house,
Where thou thy wearie limmes mayst well repose,

The sayd,full Shepheard.

SCE. 2. *Titirus, Nunnio.*

WHich plaine I first(my child)of thee? thy life
Or honestie? Ile plaine thine honestie,
Because thy fire (though mortall) honest wast
And in thy lteed my life I'le plaine and spend,
Of thy life and thine honestie to see an end,
O *Mariane*, onely thou with thy deuices
And ill-cund Oracles, and with thy loue,
And proud despiser of my daughter, to this end,
Halt brought my child. Oh doubtfull Oracles,
How vaine you bee? and honestie gainst loue
In youthfull hartes a weake defence doth proue,
A woman whom no match hath euer sought,
Is euill guarded from this common thought.

Nun. If dead he be not, or that through the ayre
No windes haue carried him, him might I finde:
But see him now, when least I thought I should:
O late for mee, for thee too quickly found,
Except the newes were better that I bring.

Ti. Bringes thou the weapon that hath slaine my child?

Nun. Not this, but lesse: But how heard you this newes?

Ti. Why liues she then? *Nun.* Shee liues, and may do still,
For in her choyce it is to liue or die.

Ti. Oh blest be thou that listes me vp from death:
But how is she vn safe, since at her choyce it is
To liue or die? *Nun.* Because she will not liue.

Ti. Shee will not liue? What madnesse makes her thus?

Nun. Anothers death: and if thou dost not moue her,
Shee is so bent, as others send in vaine
Their praying wordes. *Ti.* Why stay we? let vs goe!

Nun. What, soft and faire, the Temples gates are shut,
And know you not how it vnlawfull is
For any one saue *sacerdotes*, foote,
To touch the sacred ground, vntill such time
The Sacrifice vnto the Altars come,
Adorned with the Sanctuarie rites?

Ti. How

The faythfull Shepheard.

Ti. How if shee effect her purpose in the while?

Nun. Shee cannot, for shee's kept. *Ti.* in meane time,
Then tell truly how all this is come to passe?

Nun. Thy mournfull child now come before the Priest
With lookes of feare and grieffe, that teares brought forth,
Not onely from vs by, but by my troth,
Eu'n from the pillors of the Temples selfe
And hardest stoncs, that seemd to feelee the same,
Was in a trice accus'd, conuic't, condemn'd.

Ti. O wretched child, and why was she condemn'd?

Nun. Because the groundes of her defence were small:
Besides, a certaine *Nymph*, whom she did call
In testimonie of her innocence,
Was absent now, and none could finde her out:
And fearefull signes, and monstrous accidents
Of horror in the Temple proou'd the doubt,
As dolorous to vs, as strange and rare,
Not seene since we did feelee heauenly ire
That did reuenge *Aminas* loue betrayde,
The first beginning of our miserie.
Diana swet out blood, the Earth did shake,
The sacred Caue did bellow out vnwonted howlings
And dire deadly cries:

Withall, it breath'd out such a stinking mist,
As *Plutoes* impare kingdome hath no worse.
And now with sacred order goes the Priest
To bring thy daughter to her bloodie ende,
The whilst *Mirtillo* (wondrous thing to tell)
Offer'd by his owne death, to giue her life,
Crying, vnbind those handes (vnworthie stringes)
And in her steed that should be sacrific'd
Vnto *Diana*, draue me to the Aulter
A Sacrifice to my faire *Amarillis*.

Ti. O admirable deede of faythfull loue
And noble hart. *Nun.* Now heare a miracle:
Shee that before so fearefull was to die,
Chaung'd on the sodaine by *Mirtilloes* wordes,
Thus answers with a bold vndaunted hart:

O.

Think't

The faithfull Shepheard.

Think'ſt thou (my deare) then by thy death to gaine
Life to her death, that by thy life doth liue.
O miracle vniust: on Ministers, on on, why do you stay?
Leade me forthwith vnto mine end: Ile no such pittie I,
Mirill replies, Liue cruell pitteous loue,
My hart his spightfull pittie doth reprove:
To me it longes to die. Nay then to me
(She answeres) that by Law condemned am:
And heere anew begins a wondrous strife,
As though that life were death, and death were life,
(O soules well borne) O couple worthy of
Eternall honour, neuer dying prayse:
O liuing, and o dying glorious louers.
Had I so many tongues, so many voyces,
As Heauen hath eyes, or Ocean sea hath sandes;
All would be dumbe and hoarse in setting out
Their wondrous and incomprehended prayse.
Eternall Childe of heauen, O glorious Dame,
That mortall deedes enchroniclest to time,
Write thou this Historie, and it infold
In solid Diamond with wordes of gold.

Ti. But what end had this mortall quarrell then?

Nun. *Mirillo* vanquisheth? O rare debate,
Where dead on lyuing getts the victorie.
The Priest speaks to your Child, be quiet Nymph,
We cannot charge this doome, for he must die
That offers death, our Law commaunds it so:
And after bids, your Daughter should be kept,
Least griefes extreame should bring her desperate death
Thus stood the state When *Montane* sent me for thee.

Ti. In sooth tis true, sweete scented Flowers shall cease
To dwell on Riuer banks, and Woodes in Spring
Shall be without their Leaues, before a Mayde
Adorn'd with youth, shall set sweete Loue at naught:
But if we stay still heere, how shall we know
When it is time vnto the Church to go?

Nun. Heere best of all, for in this place alas,
Shall the good Shepheard sacrificed be.

Ti. And

The faythfull Shepheard.

Ti. And why not in the Church? *Nu.* Because there where
The fault is done, the punishment must be.

Ti. And why not in the Caue? there was the fault.

Nu. Because to open skyes it must be hallow'd.

Ti. And how knowst thou all these misteriall rites?

Nu. From the High-priest, who from *Tireno* had them,
For true *Amintas* and vntrue *Lucrine*,
Were sacrificized so: But now tis time to goe;
See where the sacred *Pempe* softly descendes:
Twere well done of vs by this other way,
To go vnto the Temple to thy daughter. *Finis Scē. 2. Act. 3.*

ACTVS. 5 SCE. 3.

Chorus of Shepheards, Chorus of Priestes, Montanus, Mirrillo.

Chorus of Shep.

O H daughter of great *Ioue*, sister of *Phebus* bright,
Thou second *Titan*, to the blinder world that giuest light

Cho. Pri. Thou that with thy well temper'd vitall ray,
Thy brothers wondrous heate doth well allay,
Which mak'st sweete Nature happely bring foorth
Rich fertile birthes of Hearbes, of Beastes, of Men:
As thou his heate dost quench, so calme thine ire
That sets *Arcadiaes* wretched hartes on fire.

Cho. Sh. O daughter of great *Ioue*. &c.

Mon. Yea sacred Priestes, the Altars ready make,
Shepheardes deuout, reiterate your soundes,
And call vpon the name of our great Goddesse.

Cho. Sh. O daughter of great *Ioue*. &c.

Mon. Now Shepheards stand aside, nor you my seruants
Come not neare, except I call for you.

Valiant young man, that to giue life els where,
Abandonest thine owne, die comforted thus farre:
Tis but a speedie sigh, which you must passe;
For so seemes death to noble minded sprights,
That once perform'd, this enuious age,
With thousandes of her yeeres shall not deface
The memorie of such a gentle deed:

O 2.

But

The faythfull Shepheard.

But thou shalt liue the example of true fayth,
But for the Law commaundes thee sacrific'd,
To dye without a word : Before thou kneel'st,
If thou hast ought to say, say it, and hold thy peace
For euer after that.

Mir. Father, let it be lawfull that I call thee so,
For though thou gau'st not, yet thou tak'st my life:
My bodie to the ground I do bequeath, my soule
To her that is my life : But if she die,
As she hath threatned to do; aye mee,
What part of me shall then remaine aliue,
Oh death were sweete, if but my mortall parts
Might die, and that my soule did not desire the same:
But if his pittie ought deserues that dyes,
For soueraigne pittie then courteous father,
Prouide she do not die; and with that hope
More comforted, Ile pay my deslenies,
Though with my death you me from her disioyne,
Yet make her liue, that she may me retaine.

Mon. Scarfe I containe from teares : ô frayle mankind!
Be of good cheare my sonne, I promise thy desire,
I sweare it by this head, this hand take thou for pledge.

Mir. Then comforted, I die all comforted:
To thee my *Amarillis* do I come,
Soule of the faythfull Shepheard, as thine owne
Do thou receiue, for in thy loued name
My wordes and life I will determine straight:
So now to death I kneele, and hold my peace.

Mon. On sacred Ministers, kindle the flame
With Frankensence and Mirrhe, and Incense throw thereon
That the thicke vapoure may on high ascend.

Cho. Sh. O daughter of great Ioue. &c.

ACT. 5. SCE. 4. *Carino, Montanio,*
Nicander, Mirrillo, Chorus of Shepheards.

Car. **W**Hat Countrymen are here, so brauely furnished
Almost all in a Liuerie? Oh what a show

The faythfull Shepheard.

Is heere? how rich, how full of pome it is?

Trust mee, I thinke it is some Sacrifice.

Mon. Reach mee (*Nicander*) the golden Bason,

That containes the iuice of *Bacchus* fruit.

Ni. Behold t'is ready here. *Mon.* So may this faultles blood

Thy brest (Oh sacred Goddesse) mollifie,

As do these falling droppes of Wine extinguish

This blasing flame. So, take the Bason, there;

Giue me the siluer Ewer now: *Ni.* Behold the Ewer.

M. So may thine anger cease with that same faithles Nymph

Prouok't as doth this fire, this falling streame extinguish.

Car. This is some Sacrifice, but where's the holocaust?

Mon. Now all is fit, there wantes nought but the end.

Giue me the Axe. *Ca.* If I be not deceiu'd,

I see a thing that by his backe seemeth a man:

He kneeles: he is perhappes the holocaust.

O wretch tis so, the Priest holds him by th'eade:

And hast thou not vnhappy countrey yet,

After so many yeeres heauens rage appeald?

Cho. Sh. O daughter of great *Ioue*, sister of *Phebus* bright,

Thou second *Titan*, to the blinder world that giuest light.

Mon. Reuengefull Goddesse that for priuate fault,

Dost publicke punishment on vs inflict,

(Whether it be thy onely will, or els

Eternall prouidence immutable commaund)

Since the infected blood of (*Lucrina* false)

Might not thy burning iustice then appease,

Drinke now this innocent and voluntarie Sacrifice,

No lesser faythfull then *Amintae* was,

That at thy sacred Aulter in thy dire reuenge I kill.

Cho. Sh. O daughter of great *Ioue*, sister of *Phebus* bright,

Thou second *Titan*, to the blinder world that giuest light.

Mon. Oh how I feele my hart waxe tender now,

Binding my senses with vnusuall mazes

So both my hart not dares, my handes vnable are

To lift this Axe. *Car.* Hee see this wretches face,

And then depart: for pittie will not let me stay.

Mon. Perhaps against the Sunne my strength doth faile,

The faythfull Shepheard.

And tis a fault to sacrifice against the Sunne,
Turne thou thy dying face toward this hill.

So now, tis well. *Car.* O wretch! what do I see?

My sonne *Mirtillo*, Is not this my sonne? (blow?)

Mon. So now I can. *Car.* It is euen so. *Mon.* Who lets my

Car. What dost thou sacred Priest? *Mo.* O man prophane,

Why hast thou held this holy Axe? how darest

Thou thy rash handes inpose vpon the same?

Car. O my *Mirtillo*, how camst thou to this?

Nic. Goe dotard old and foolish insolent.

Car. I neuer thought t'haue thee imbraced thus.

Nic. Patch stand aside, thou mayst not handle thinges
Sacred vnto the Gods, with handes impure.

Car. Deare to thee Gods am also I, that by
Their good direction hither came euen now.

Mo. *Nicander* cease, heare him, and turne him hence.

Car. Then courteous Priest, before thy sword doth light
Vpon his necke, Why dyest this wretched Boy?

I, why the Goddesse thou ador'st, beseech thee tell?

Mon. By such a heauenly power thou coniur'st mee,
That I were wicked, if I thee denied;

But what wilt profit thee? *Ca.* More then thou think'st.

Mon. Because he for an other willing is to die.

Car. Dye for an other? then I for him will dye;
For pittie then, thy falling blow direct,
In stead of his, vpon this wretched necke.

Mon. Thou dost friend. *Ca.* And will you me denie
That which you graunt another man? *Mo.* Thou art

A Stranger man. *Ca.* How if I were not so?

Mon. Nor could'st thou, for he dyes but by exchange.
But tell me, what art thou? thy habite shewes
Thou art a Stranger, no *Arcadian* borne.

Ca. I an *Arcadian* am. *Mo.* I not remember
That I euer saw thee earst. *Car.* Heere was I borne,
Carino cald, and father of this wretch.

Mon. Art thou *Mirtillo's* father then? thou com'st
Vnluckily both for thy selfe and mee:
Stand now aside, least with thy fathers teares,

Thou

The saythfull Shepheard.

Thou makest fruitlesse, vaine our Sacrifice.

Car. If thou a father wert? *Mon.* I am a father man,
A tender father of an onely sonne:

Yet were this same, my *Siluios* head, my hand
Should be as ready for't as t'is for this:

For he this sacred habite shall vnworthy weare,
That to a publique good, his priuate doth preferre.

Car. O let me kisse him yet before he dye.

Mo. Thou mayst not man. *Car.* Art thou so cruell sonne?
Thou wilt not answere thy sad father once.

Mr. Good father hold your peace. *Mo.* O wretched wee
The holocaust contaminate ô Gods.

Mr. The life you gaue, I cannot better giue,
Then for her sake, who sole deserues to liue.

Mon. Oh thus I thought his fathers teares would make
Him breake his scilence. *Mr.* Wretch with error haue
I done the law of scilence, quite I had forgot.

Mon. On Ministers, why do we stay so long?
Carry him to the Temple backe to th'holy Cell,
There take againe his voluntary vow.
Then bring him backe, and bring new Water too,
New Wine, new Fire: dispatch, the sunne growes low.

Finis Scena 4. Acta. 5.

ACTA 5. SCE. 5. *Montan, Carino, Dametas.*

Montan.

But thanke thou heauens thou aged impudent,
Thou art his father? if thou wert not: well,
(I sweare by this same sacred habite on my head I weare)
Thou shouldst soone taste how ill I brooke thy boldnes,
Why, knowst thou who I am? knowst thou that with
This Rodd I rule affayres both humane and diuine?

Car. I cry you mercie holy sacred Priest.

Mon. I suffered thee so long, till thou grow'st insolent.
Knowest thou not Rage that Iustice stirreth vp,
The longer t'is delayde, the greater tis?

The sayibfull Shepheard.

Car. Tempestius furie neuer waigned rage,
In brestes magnanimus, but that one blast
Of Generous effect could coole the same:
But I can not grace obtaine, let mee
Finde iustice yet, you can not that denie,
Law makers be not freed from the Lawes:
I aske you iustice, iustice graunt me then,
You are vniust, if you *Mirtillo* kill.

Mon. Let me then know how I can be vniust?

Car. Did you not tell me it vnlawfull was
To sacrifice a Strangers blood? *Mon.* I told you so,
And told you that which heauens did commaund.

Car. He is a Stranger you would sacrifice.

Mon. A Stranger, how? is he not then thy sonne?

Car. Let it suffice, and seeke no further now.

Mon. Perhappes because you not begot him heere.

Car. Oft he least knowes, that most would vnderstand.

Mon. Heere we the kindred meane, and not the place,

Car. I call him Stranger, for I got him not.

Mon. Is he thy sonne, and thou begots him not?

Car. He is my sonne, though I begot him not.

Mon. Didst thou not say that he was borne of thee?

Car. I sayd he was my sonne, not borne of mee.

Mon. Extremitie of grieve hath made thee madd.

Car. If I were madd, I should not feele my grieve.

Mon. Thou art ore-madd, or els a lying man.

Car. A lying man will neuer tell the trueth.

Mon. How can it be sonne, and not sonne at once?

Car. The sonne of loue, and not of nature hee's.

Mon. Is he thy sonne? he is no Stranger then:

If not, thou hast no part at all in him:

Father or not, thus thou conuincd art.

Car. With wordes and not with trueth, I am conuin'd.

Mon. His sayth is doubted that his wordes contraries.

Car. Yet do I say thou dost a deed vniust,

Mon. On this my head, and on my *Silueus* head,

Let my iniustice fall. *Car.* You will repent it.

Mon. You shall repent, if you my ductie hinder.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Car. I call to witnesse men and Gods. (*Mon.*) Gods you
To witnesse call, that you despited haue.

Car. Since you'le not heare me, heare me heauen and earth.

Mirtill a straunger is, and not my sonne,

You do prophane your holy sacrifice.

Mon. Heauens aide me from this Bedlam man.

Who is his father since hee's not your sonne?

Car. I cannot tell you, I am sure not I.

Mon. See how he wauers, is he not of your blood?

Car. Oh no. (*Mon.*) Why do you call him sonne?

Car. Because I from his cradle haue him nourisht still,

And euer lou'd him like my sonne.

Mon. Bought you him? stole you him? where had you him?

Car. A courteous straunger in *Elidis* gaue me him.

Mon. And that same straunger, where had he the childe?

Car. I gaue him. (*Mon.*) Thou mou'st at once disdain and
First thou him gau'st, and then had'st him in gift. (laughter.)

Car. I gaue him that which I with him had found.

Mon. And where had you him? (*Car.*) In a lowe hole,
Of daintie Mirtle trees vpon *Alpheus* banke:

And for this cause *Mirtillo* I him call'd.

Mon. Here's a fine tale, what haue your woods no beasts?

Car. Of many sorts. (*Mon.*) How scape he being deuour'd?

Car. A speedie Torrent brought him to this hole,

And left him in the bosome of a litle Ile,

On euery side defended with the streame.

Mon. And were your streames so pitifull they drownd him
Your Riuers gentle are that children nurse. (not?)

Car. Laid in a cradle like a litle ship,
With other stuffe the waters wound together,
He was safe brought by chance vnto this hole.

Mon. Laid in a cradle? (*Car.*) In a cradle laid.

Mon. And but a childe? (*Car.*) I but a tender childe.

Mon. How long was this agoe? (*Car.*) Call vp your count
Is it not nineteene yeares since the great flood?

So long t'is since. (*Mon.*) Oh how I feele a horror shake

My bones. (*Car.*) He knowes not what to say:

Oh wicked act, orecome yet will not yeeld:

The faithfull Shepheard.

Thinking t'outstrip me in his wit, as much
As in his force, I heare him murmur,
Yet he will bewray that he conuinc'd is.

Mon. What interest had the man you speake of in
That child? was he his sonne? (*Ca.*) I cannot tell.

Mon. Had he no better knowledge then of it then thus?

Ca. Nor that know I. (*Mon.* Know you him if you see him?)

Ca. He seem'd a shepheard by his cloaths and face,
Of middle stature, of blacke haire his beard
And eye-browes were exceeding thicke. (*Mon.*) Shepheards
Come hither soone. (*Damet.*) Behold we are readie here.

Mon. Which of these did he resemble then?

Ca. Him whom you talke withall he did not onely seeme,
But tis the same, who though't be twentie yeares agoe,
Hath not a whit alter'd his auncient looke.

Mon. Stand then aside, *Damet.* stay with me,
Tell me know'st thou this man? (*Da.*) He seemeth so,
But yet I know not where. (*Ca.*) Him can I put in minde.

Mon. Let me alone, stand you aside a while.

Ca. I your commandement willingly obey.

Mon. Now answer me *Damet.* and take heed
You do not lye, tis almost twentie yeares
Since you return'd from seeking out my child,
Which the outrageous Riuer bare away:
Did you not tell me you had search'd in vaine
All that same countrey, with *Alpheus* waters?

Da. Why aske you this? (*Mon.*) Did not you tell me him
You could not finde? (*Da.*) I graunt I told you so.

Mon. What child then was it (tell me) which you gaue
Vnto this stranger which did know you here?

Da. Will you I should remember what I did
So long agoe? old men forgetfull are.

Mon. Is not he old? yet he remembers it.

Da. Tush he doth rather dote. (*Mon.*) That shall we see,
Come hither stranger, come. (*Ca.*) I come. (*Da.*) Oh that
Thou wert as farre beneath the ground. (*Mon.* Tell me
Is this the shepheard that gaue thee the gift?

Ca. This same is he.

Da.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Da. What gift is't thou speak'st of?

Ca. Dost not remember in the temple of *Olimpich Ioue*,
Having had answere of the Oracle,
And being readie to depart, I met with thee,
And ask'd thee of the Oracle, which thou declaredst,
After I tooke thee home vnto my house,
Where didst thou not giue me an Infant childe,
Which in a cradle thou hadst lately found?

Da. And what of that? (*Ca.*) This is that very child,
Which euer since I like mine owne haue kept,
And at these Aultars must be sacrific'd.

Da. Oh force of Destiny. (*Mon.*) Yet wilt thou faine?
Is it not true which he hath told thee here?

Da. Oh were I dead as sure as it is true.

Mon. And wherfore didst thou giue an others goods?

Da. Oh maister seeke no more, let this suffice.

Mon. Yet wilt thou hold me off and say no more?
Villaine thou dyest if I but aske againe.

Da. Because the Oracle foretold me that the child
Should be in danger on his fathers hands
His death to haue if he returned home.

Ca. All this is true, for this he told me then.

Mon. Ay me, it is too manifest, the case is cleare.

Ca. What resteth then, would you more prooofe then this?

Mon. The prooofe's too great, too much haue you declar'd,
Too much I vnderstand, o *Carino, Carino*,
How I change grieue and fortunes now with thine,
How thy affections now are waxen mine,
This is my sonne, oh most vnhappy sonne,
Of a more wretched father. More sauadge was
The water in him sauing, then in running quite away,
Since at these sacred Aultars by thy fathers hands
Thou must be slaine, a wofull sacrifice,
And thy poore blood must wash thy native soyle.

Ca. Art thou *Mirtilloes* father then? how lost you him?

Mon. The deluge rauisht him, whom when I lost,
I left more safe, now found, I leese him most.

Ca. Eternall prouidence which with thy counsell hast

The faithfull Shepheard.

Brought all these occurrents to this onely point,
Th'art great with childe of some huge monstrous birth,
Either great good or ill thou wilt bring forth.

Mon. This t'was my sleepe foretold, deceitfull sleepe.
In ill too time, in good too lying still.

This was th'vnwonted pitie, and the sudden horror that
I felt to stay the axe and shake my bones:

For nature sure abhorres a stroke shoud come
From fathers hands, so vilde abhominable.

Car. Will you then execute the wicked sacrifice?

Mon. By other hands he may not at these Altars die.

Ca. Why will the father murder then the sonne?

Mon. So bids our law, and were it pietie to spare
Him since the true *Amyntas* would not spare himselfe?

Ca. O wicked Fates, me whither haue ye brought?

Mon. To see two fathers soueraigne pitie made a homicide,
Yours to *Mirtillo*, mine vnto the Gods,

His father you denying for to bee,

Him thought to saue, and him you lost thereby,

Thinking and seeking, I to kill your sonne,

Mine owne haue found, and must mine owne go kill.

Ca. Behold the monster horrible this Fate brings forth.
O cruell chance (*Mirtillo*) ô my life.

Is this that which the Oracle told of thee?

Thus in my natiue soyle hast thou me happy made:

O sonne of me poore old and wretched man,

Lately my hope, my life, now my dispaire and death.

Mon. To me *Carino* leaue these wofull teares,

I plaine my blood: my blood, why say I so,

Since 'tis shead? poore sonne why got I thee?

Why wert thou borne? did the milde waters saue thy

The cruell father might the same bereaue? (life,

Sacred immortal powers, without whose deep insight

No waue doth stirre in seas, no blast in skies,

No lease vpon the earth: what great offence

Haue I committed, that I worthy am

With my poore off-spring for to warre with heauen?

If I offended haue, oh yet my sonne

The faithfull Shepherd.

What hath he done you cannot pardon him?

O *Iupiter* the great disdainfull blast

Would quickly suffocate my aged sence,

But if thy thunderbolts will not, my weapons shall.

The dolorous example Ile renew,

Of good *Amyntas* our beloued Priest,

My sonne amaz'd shall see his father slaine,

Ere I a father will go kill my sonne:

Die thou *Montane*, tis onely fit for thee,

O powers, I cannot say whether of heauen or hell,

That agitooke with griefe, dispairefull mindes,

Behold your fury thus it pleaseth you.

I nought desire saue onely speedie death,

A poore desire my wretched life to end,

Some comfort seemes to my sad spright to send.

Ca. Wretched old man, as greater flames do dimme

The lesser lights, euen so the sorrow I

Do of thy griefe conceiue, hath put out mine,

Thy case alone deserueth pittie now.

Act. 5. Sce. 6. Tirenus Mon. Carina.

Softly my sonne, and set thy feet secure,

Thou must vphold me in this rugged way,

Thou art my bodies eye, I am thy mindes,

And when thou com'st before the Priest, there stay.

Mon. Is't not the reuerend *Tirenio* which I see?

Who blind on earth, yet seeth all in heauen?

Some great thing moues him thus, these many years

I sawe him not out of his holy Cell.

Ca. God grant he bring vs happie newes.

Mon. Father *Tirenio*, what's the newes with you?
You from the temple? how comes this to passe?

Tire. To you I come for newes, yet bring you newes

How oft blind eyes do aide the inward sight,

The whilst the minde vntraueld with wilde sights,

Withdrawes into it selfe, and *Lincens* eyes

Doth set a worke in sightlesse fences blinde.

The faithfull Shepheard.

We may not *Montane* passe so lightly ore
The vnexpected things, that heauenly mixture temps with hu-
Because the Gods do not conuerse on earth, (mane,
Nor partly hold with mortall men at all.
But all these workes so great, so wonderfull,
Which the blind world to blinder chance ascribes,
Is nothing but ce'lestiall counsell talke,
So speake th' eternall powers amongst themselves,
Whose voices though they touch not deafened eares,
Yet do they sound to hearts that vnderstand.
O foure, o six times happy he that vnderstands it well,
The good *Nicander* as thou didst command,
Stayes to conduct the holy sacrifice,
But I retained him by an accident
That's newly false: the which (I know not) all
Vnwonted and confus'd, twixt hope and feare.
Dulleth my sence. I cannot vnderstand, and yet the lesse
I comprehend, the more I do conceiue.

Mon. That which you know not wretch, I know too well,
But tell me can the Fates hide ought from thee?
That piercest to the deep'st of Destinies.

Tire. If (sonne) the vse diuine of light prophetically
Were nature's gift, and not the gift of heauen,
Then might'st thou see as well as I, that Fates
Secrets sometime denie our working mindes,
This onely tis that makes me come to thee,
That I might better be inform'd who tis.
That is discouered father to the youth
That's doom'd to die (if I *Nicander* vnderstand.)

Mon. That father you desire to know am I.

Tire. You father of our Goddesse sacrifice?

Mon. I am the wretched father of that wretched sonne.

Tire. Of that same faithfull shepheard, that to giue
Life to an other, giues himselfe to death?

Mon. His that by death giueth an other life,
Yet by that death kills him that gaue him life.

Tire. And is this true? (*Mon.*) Behold my witnesse here.

Ca. That which he saith is true. (*Tire.*) And who art thou?

Ca.

The faithfull Shepherd.

Ca. I am *Carino* his father thought till now.

Ti. Is this the childe the flood so bare away?

Mon. The very same. (*Ti.*) And for this then dost thou

Montanus call thy selfe a wretched father?

O monstrous blindnesse of these earthly mindes,

In what a darke profound and mystie night

Of errors be they drowned? when thou O heavenly

Dost not enlighten them: *Montanus* thou (sonne

Art blinder in thy minde then I of eyes,

That dost not see thy selfe the happiest father

And dearest to the gods that euer yet did child beget.

This was the secret which the Fates did hide.

This is that happy day, with so much bloud

So many teares we did expect.

This is the blessed end of our distresse.

O thou *Montanus* turne into thy selfe,

How is the famous Oracle forgot,

Printed i' the hearts of all *Arcadia*?

No end there is for that which you offends,

Till two of heuens issue loue vnite,

The teares of ioye, so satisfie my heart

I cannot vter it. No end there is,

No end there is to that which you offends,

Till two of heuens issue loue vnite,

And for the auntient fault of that false wight,

A faithfull shepheards pitie make amends.

Tell me *Montanus*, is not this thy sonne

Heuens issue? is not *Amarillis* so?

Who hath vnited them but onely loue?

Silvio by parents force espowled was

To *Amarillis*, whom he hated still,

If thou the rest examine, you shall plainly see

The fatall voyce onely *Mirtill* ment.

For since *Amyntas* chance where haue we seene

Such faith in loue that might coequall this?

Who since *Amyntas* willing was to die

For any Nymph, onely *Mirtill* except.

This is that faithfull Shepheards pitie, which deserues

To cancell that same auntient error of *Lucrine*.

The faithfull Shepheard.

With this deed is the heauens ire appeaz'd,
Rather then with the sheading humane blood,
Rending vnto th'eternall iustice, that
Which female treacherie did take away.
Hence t'was no sooner he vnto the temple came,
There to renew his vow, but straight did cease
All those prodigious signes, now did
The holy Image sweat out blood no more,
Nor shooke the ground, nor any noise nor stinch
Came from the Caue, saue gracious harmony,
And odours. O sweet mightie prouidence,
O heauenly Gods, had I all words, all hearts,
All to thy honour would I consecrate:
But to my power Ile render you your due.
Behold vpon my knees ô heauenly powers,
I praise your name, how much am I oblig'd
That you haue let me liue vntill this day?
An hundred yeares I haue alreadye worne,
And neuer yet was life so sweet as now;
I but begun to to liue, now am I borne againe.
Why leese I time with words that vnto deeds is due?
Helpe me vp sonne, without thee can I not
Vpraise these weake and feeble members sonne.

Mon. Tirenio hath wak't such ioy in me
Vnited yet with such a myracle
As I scarce feele I ioy, nor can my soule
Confounded shewe me high retained mirth,
O gracious pitie of the highest Gods,
O fortunate *Arcadia*, ô earth,
More happie then all earths beneath the sunne,
So deare's thy good, I haue forgot mine owne,
And my beloued sonnes, whom twise I lost,
And twise againe haue found, these seeme a drop
To the huge waues of thy great good: ô dreame,
O blessed dreame, celestiall vision rather.
Arcadia now thou waxest bright againe.

Ti. Why stay we *Montane* now? heauens not expect
A sacrifice of rage, but thanks and loue,

The faithfull Shepheard.

In stead of death our Goddesse now commaunds
Of marriage knot a sweet solemnitie:
But say how farre's to night? (*Mon.*) Not past one houre.

Ti. Then to the Temple turne, where let thy sonne
Espowd be to *Amarillis* straight, whom he may leade
Vnto his fathers house before the sunne be set,
So heauens commaund. Come, go *Montanus*, go.

Mon. Take heed *Tirenio* we do not violate
Our holy law, can she her faith now giue
Vnto *Mirtillo*, which she *Siluis* gaue?

Ca. And vnto *Siluis* may she giue her faith,
So said thy seruant, was *Mirtillo* call'd,
Though I more lik'd *Mirtillo* him to name.

Mon. That's very true, I did reuiue his name
In this my younger sonne.

Ti. That doubt's well clear'd, now let vs goe.

Mon. *Carino* go with vs, this day *Mirtillo* hath
Two fathers found, *Montane* a sonne, and thou a brother.

Ca. In loue *Mirtilloes* father, and your brother,
In reuerence a seruant to you both:
And since you are so kinde to me, I pray you then
Bid my companion welcome for my sake.

Mon. Most welcome both. (*Ca.*) Eternall heauenly powers,
How diuerse are your high vntroden waies
By which your fauours do on vs descend?
From those same crook't deceitfull pathes whereby
Our thoughts would faine mount vp into the sky?

See. 7. Corisca Linco.

L *Inco* belike the spightfull *Siluis*
When least he ment, a Louer is become,
But what became of her? (*Lin.*) We carried her
To *Siluis* house, whose mother her embrac't
With teares of ioy or grieve I know not whether,
Glad that her sonne is waxt a louing spowfe,
But sory for the Nymphs mishap, and that
She is a stepdame euill furnished
Of two daughters in law: playning one dead,
An other wounded. (*Co.*) Is *Amarillis* dead?

Lin. She must die straight, for so doth fame report,

The faithfull Shepheard.

For this, I goe to comfort old *Montanus*,
Who leeing one sordines wife, hath found an other.
Co. Then doth *Dorinda* liue? (*Lin.*) Liue. I t'were well
Thou wert so well. (*Co.*) Her wound not mortall was.
Lin. Had she bene dead, yet *Siluios* cunning would
Haue her reuin'd. (*Co.*) What Art her heal'd so soone?
Lin. From top to toe ile tell the wondrous cure.
About the wounded Nymph stood men and women,
Each with a ready hand, but trembling heart.
But faire *Dorinda* would not any should
Saue *Siluius* touch her, saying that the hand
Which was her hurt, should be her remedie.
Siluius, his mother, and I, stay'd there alone,
Working with counsell too one with his hand,
Siluius when gently he had wip'd away
The bloudie streames that stain'd her luory flesh,
Assayes to draw the shaft out of the wound,
But the wilde steale yeelding vnto his hand,
Left hidden in the wound the harmfull head.
Hence came the griefe, for t'was impossible
With cunning hand, or daintie instrument,
Or other meanes, to draw it out from thence.
Opening the wound perhaps with wider wound
He might haue found the Steele with other Steele.
So mought he do, or so he must haue done,
But too too pitious, and too louing now
Was *Siluios* hand, for such like cruell pitie
By such hard meanes, loue neuer healeth wounds.
Although it seem'd to her that paine it selfe
Was pleasant now betweene her *Siluios* hands.
He not amaz'd sayes thus: this head shall out,
And with lesse paine then any will beleue.
I put it there, and though I be not able straight
To take it out, yet with the vse of hunting
I will restore the losse I haue by hunting.
I do remember now an hearbe that is well knowne
Vnto the sauadge Goate, when he is wounded
With some Huntsmans shaft: this they to vs,
Nature to them bewray'd, and t'is hard by.
All suddenly he parts vnto a neighbour hill,

And

The faithfull Shepheard.

And there a bundle gathers, straight to vs
He comes, and out he drawes the iuyce thereof,
And mingles it with veruine seed, and roote
Of Centaures blood, making a playster soft,
Which on the wound he laies: vertue myraculous,
The pain straight ceas'd, the blood was quickly staid,
The Steele straightway without or toile or paine,
The workmans hand obeying, issues out.
And now her strength returnes to her againe,
As though she had not suffered wound at all:
Nor was it mortall, for it had yntoucht
Both left the bones and bellies outward runne,
And onely pierst into the musclouse flanke.

Co. Great vertue of an hearb, but much more great
For fortune of a woman hast thou tolde.

Lin. That which betweene them past when this was done,
Is better to be geill'd at then be told.

Dorinda sure is well, and with her side
Can serue her selfe to any vse she likes.
Thou think'st she hath endur'd more wounds by this,
But as the piercing weapons diuers are,
So are the wounds: of some the grieve is sharpe,
Of some t'is sweet, one healing waxeth found,
The lesse an other heales, the foundier t'is.
In hunting he to shoote such pleasure found,
That now he loues he cannot choose but wound.

Co. Still thou wilt be that amorous *Linco*.

Lin. In mind but not in force my deare *Corisca*,
Greene bloomes desire within this aged tronke.

Co. Now *Amarillis* hath resign'd her life,
I will go see what deare *Mirtullo* doth.

Sce. 3. Ergasto. Corisca.

E*Rg.* O day of wonders, day all lone, all grace,
All ioy, ô happie land, ô heauens benigne.

Co. See where *Ergasto* is, he comes in time.

Er. Now all things ioyfull are, the earth, the ayre,
The skies, the fire, the world, and all things laugh.
Our ioyes haue pierc't the lowest hell, nor is
There any place that not partakes our blisse.

The faithfull Shepherd.

Co. How iocund is this man? (Er.) Oh happy woods
That often sigh'd and wept our wofull case,
Enioy our ioyes, and vse as many tongues
As leaues that leape at sound of these sweet windes,
Which fill'd with our reioycings calmly smile,
Sing they the sweet aduentures of these friends.

Co. He speakes of *Siluis* and *Dorinda* sure,
Well, we must liue, teares are no sooner ebb'd,
But straight the flood of ioy comes huffing in
Of *Amarillis*, not a word he speakes
Onely takes care to ioy with them that ioy.
Why tis well done, for else this humane life
Would still be full of sighes: whither away
Ergasto go'st so pleasantly, vnto some marriage?

Er. Euen so, but hast thou heard the happy chance
Of the two fortunate Louers? is't not rare *Corisca*?

Co. To my contentment euen now I heard it all
Of *Lisco*, and t' doth somewhat mitigate
The grieffe I for my *Amarillis* feele.

Er. Why *Amarillis*? Of whom think'st thou I speake?

Co. Of *Siluis* and *Dorinda* man.

Er. What *Siluis*? what *Dorinda*? thou know'st nought,
My ioy growes from a higher nobler roote.

I *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* sing,
The best contented subiects of loues ring.

Co. Why is not *Amarillis* dead? (Er.) How dead?
I tell thee shee's a bright and merrie Bride.

Co. Was she not then condemned vnto death?
She was condemn'd, but soone releast againe.

Co. T'elst thou me dreames or dreaming do I heare?

Er. Thine eies shall tell thee if thou'lt stay a while,
Soone shalt thou see her with her faithfull friend
Come from the Temple, where they plighted haue
Their marriage troth, and so go to *Montanus* house
To reape sweet fruit of their long amorous toiles.

O hadst thou seene (*Corisca*) the huge ioy,
The mightie noyse of ioy full voyces, and
Th' innumerable troupes of men and women,
Thou should'st haue seene, old, young, sacred and prophane,
But litle lesse then mad or drunke with mirth.

With

The faithfull Shepheard.

With wonder who ranne not to see the Lovers?
Each reuerence to each them embraced there.
Some prais'd their pittie, some their constancie.
Some prais'd the gifts that *Ioue*, and some that nature gaue.
The hills, the dales, the meadows did resound,
The glorious name of faithfull Shepheard,
From a poore Shepheard to become so soone
A Demy-god, and in a moment passe
From life to death, the neighbour obsequies
To chaunge for vnexpected and dispaired nuptialls.
This is somewhat (*Corisca*) but not halfe
Her to enioy, for whom he sought to die,
Her that disdain'd to liue if he had dy'de,
This is fortune, this is such a sweet
As thought preuents, and yet thou art not glad.
Is not thy *Amarillis* then as deare to thee,
As my *Mirtillo* is to mee?

Co. Yes, yes *Argasto*, see how glad I am.

Er. Ohadst thou seene but *Amarillis* when
She gaue *Mirtill* her hand for pledge, and tooke
His hand againe, thou easily hadst perceiu'd
A sweet but vnseene kisse: I could not say
Whether she tooke it, or she gaue it him.
Her cheekes would haue the purest colour stain'd,
Purple or Roses Art, or nature brings,
How modestie was arm'd in daintie shield
Of sanguine beautie, with force of that stroke
Vnto the strikor turned, whilst she all nice
Seemed as though she fled, but to recouer force
Shee might more sweeterly encounter that same blow,
Leauing it doubtfull if this kisse were giuen or ta'ne,
With such a wondrous Art it graunted was.
This taken sweet, was like an action mixt
With rapine and with yeelding both at once,
And so courteous, that it seem'd to craue
The very thing that it denying gaue:
Such a retrain, and such a speedlesse flight,
As mend the pace of the pursuers might,
O sweetest kisse, I cannot stay *Corisca*,

The faithfull Shepheard.

I goe directly I to finde a wife:

For mongst the ioyes there is no pleasure sure,

If gentle loue do not the same procure.

Co. If he say true, then thou *Corisca* hast lost all.

See. 9.

Chorus of Shepheards, Corisca, Amarillis, Mirillo.

C*Ho. Sh.* Come holy Himeneus, come thus euen

According to our voves, and to our songs

Dresse thou these Lovers as them best belongs.

Both t'one and t'other of the seed of heauen,

Knit thou the fatal knot this blessed eauen.

Co. Ah me it is too true, this is the fruite

Thou from thy store of vanities must reape.

O thoughts, O my desires, no lesse vnjust

Then false and vaine. Thus of an innocent

I sought the death, to haue my beastly will,

So bloudie cruell was I then, so blinde.

Who opens now mine eyes? Ah wretch, I see

My fault most foule that seem'd felicitie.

Cho. Sh. Come holy Himeneus, &c.

See faithfull Shepheard, after all thy teares,

All thy distresses, whither thou art come,

Is not this shee from thee was ta'ne away

By lawe of heauen and earth: by cruell fate?

By her chaste will: and by thy poore estate?

By her faith giuen an other man, and by her death,

Behold *Mirillo* now shee's onely think.

This face, these eyes, this breast, these daintie hands,

All that thou see'st, hear'st, and feel'st, so often sought

In vaine by thee, are now rewards become

Of thine vndaunted faith, yet thou art dombe.

Mir. How can I speak, I scarce know if I breathe,

Nor what I see, I scarce beleue I see:

Let *Amarillis* you that pleasure giue,

In her alone my soules affections liue.

Cho. Sh. Come holy Himeneus, &c.

Cor. What do ye now with me trecherous toies,

Vilde frenzies of the body, spots of the soule?

You long inough haue me betrayed here,

Go get you to the earth, for earth you are,

You

The faithfull Shepherd.

You weare th'armes erst of lasciuious loue,
Trophies of chastitie now may you proue.

Cho. Sh. Come holy Hymeneus, &c.

Co. Why triflest thou (*Corisca*)? now's fit time
Pardon to impetrate, fear't thou thy paine?
Be bold, thy paine cannot be greater then thy fault.
Beautious and blessed couple, of the skies
And earth belou'd, since to your glorious fate
This day hath meekely bow'd all earthly force,
Good reason she do bow that gainst the same
Hath set a worke all of her earthly force.

Now *Amarillis* I will not denie
I did desire the same which you desir'd,
But you enioy it, for you worthy were.
You do enioy the loyalst man aliue,
And you *Mirtillo* do enioy the chaste Nymph
That ere the world hath bred. Beleeue you me,
For I a whetstone was vnto your faith,
And to her chastitie. But courteous Nymph, before
Your anger do discend on me, behold
Your husbands face, there shall you finde the force
Both of my fault, and of your pardon too:
For in the vertue of such worthinesse,
You cannot choose but cause of pardon finde.
Besides you felt alas the selfesame fire
That did inflame vnfortunate desire.

Ama. I do not onely pardon thee *Corisca*, but
I count thee deare, th'effect beholding not the cause.
For fire and sword, although they wounds do bring,
Yet those once heald, to vs so whole th'are deare,
Howsoeuer now thou prou'st or friend, or foe,
I am well pleas'd, the Destinies did make
Thee the good instrument of my content.
Happie deceits, fortunate trecheries,
And if you please merrie with vs to be,
Come then and take part of our ioyes with vs.

Co. I haue sufficient mirth you pardon me,
And that my heart is heald of her disease.

Mir. And I (*Corisca*) pardon all thy harmes,
Saue this delaying of my sweet content. *Co.*

The faithfull Shepheard.

Co. You and your mirth I to the Gods commend.

Cho Sh. Come holy Himeneus, &c.

See. 10.

Mirtillo. Amarillis. Chorus of Shepheard.

M*ir.* I am so tyed to paine, that in the midst
Of all my ioyes I needs must languish still:

Is't not inough this ceremonious pompe
Doth hold vs thus, but that *Corisca* must
Come in to hinder vs? (*Ama.*) Th'art too quick my deare.

Mir. O my sweet treasure I am not secure,
Yet do I quake for feare of losing thee.
This seemes a dreame, and still I am afraid
My sleep should breake, and thou my soule shouldst flye away.
In better prooffe my senses would I sleepe,
That this sweet sight is not a dreaming sleepe.

Cho. Sh. Come holy Himeneus, come this even
According to our vöwes, and to our songs
Dresse thou these Louers as them best belongs.
Both's one and t'other of the seed of heauen,
Knot thou the fatal knot this blessed eauen.

Chorus.

O Happie we,
That plaints haue sow'd, and reaped smiles,
In many bitter grienous foyles
Haue you imbellist your desires,
Henceforth prepare your amorous fires,
And bolden vp your tender sprights,
Vnto your true sincere delights.
You cannot haue a sounder ioy,
There is no ill can you annoy.
This is true ioy, true pleasure, and true mirth,
T which vertue got, in patience giueth birth.

FINIS.

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